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SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1934.



THE TRAGEDY OF DOLLFUSS: THE AUSTRIAN CHANCELLOR, MURDERED BY AN AUSTRIAN NAZI, LYING DEAD IN HIS STUDY IN THE CHANCELLERY IN VIENNA; WITH SOLDIERS OF THE FEDERAL ARMY ON GUARD.

Dr. Dollfuss, Chancellor of Austria, shot by an Austrian Nazi in the Chancellery in Vienna on July 25, when an armed rebel band of that party entered the Ballhausplatz building disguised in the uniform of the regiment on guard duty there, received two wounds, it was stated in evidence during the trial of Otter Planetta and Franz Hozlweber. One shot was fired at a distance of not more than eight inches and passed through the neck; the other injured the spine. Soon after 4.30 in the afternoon Major Fey, one of the members of the Government who had been taken prisoner, speaking from the Chancellery window, informed the commander of the police detachment outside that Dr. Dollfuss had been seriously wounded; but death is said to have occurred at about

a quarter to four. The Chancellor's last words, after he had asked that further bloodshed might be avoided, were, said Major Fey at the Planetta-Holzweber trial: "Rintelen will make peace. I resign in his favour." And he asked that greetings might be given to his wife and children. After the Chancellery was once more in Government hands, the body was placed on a table in the Chancellor's own study, and there it lay in an open coffin until the removal to the City Hall for the public lying-in-state before the State funeral. At the Chancellery, on July 26, President Miklas received the widowed Frau Dollfuss on her arrival from Italy by aeroplane and conducted her to the study, where she knelt for a while in prayer.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

ABOUT this time many are writing about Coleridge; and there is no writer about whom it is so difficult to write. Coleridge was a remarkable man in many departments, about which writing would not be so difficult; the difficulty is in dealing with the department in which he did certain things, a very few things, that make it essential to write about him at all. He was and he achieved many things that could be criticised with some fruitfulness and profit; he was a transcendental theorist who came to be of some importance as a theologian; and he is the fountain of some very fine thinking among the liberal theologians of the old school, like Maurice and Robertson. He was a figure of some political and historical interest, since he began with an enthusiasm for the French Revolution and ended with an enthusiasm for the German metaphysics; and, of the two great catastrophes, I personally prefer the first. He was a great Character; one of those men of whom numberless anecdotes are told, chiefly to the effect that his conversation was fascinating and continuous; some found it too fascinating; some even found it too continuous. There is the famous story of the man whom Coleridge buttonholed in the street, and proceeded to talk to about Plato at some length; whereupon the man, having an appointment, delicately and tactfully cut off the button and went about his business. Returning later by the same street, he saw Coleridge still holding the button and still talking about Plato. He wrote a number of minor works, generally dismissed in the discussion of his genius, which are decidedly clever and ought not to be dismissed so easily. For instance, in the days of his French Revolutionary enthusiasm, he wrote a satiric poem against Pitt, which I still think very fine; but partly perhaps because I am all in favour of people writing satiric poems against Pitt. This poem, as everybody knows, is a masque of Fire, Famine and Slaughter; in which these plagues of mankind attribute their power to Pitt, but two of them eventually turn upon him. Fire, however, amiably observes—

I alone am faithful; I
Cling to him everlastingly.

There is no liberal theology about that.

I repeat, therefore, that there are many things about him that could be profitably criticised. Unfortunately, there are one or two things that cannot be criticised. They can only be quoted. Nor have I any intention of filling up the blanks of this article by quoting them. But the point about Coleridge is that the peaks of his imagination, though few and rare, are absolutely above criticism. They live by that mysterious life of the imagination, which is something much more terrible than an anarchy. For it has laws of its own, which man has never been able to turn into a code. Only anybody who understands poetry knows when poetry has fulfilled those laws; as certainly as a mathematician knows when a mathematical calculation is correct. Only the mathematician can explain, more or less, why the answer

is exactly right; and the lover of poetry can never explain why the word or the image is exactly right. It is obvious, on the face of it, that "Kubla Khan" is a piece of pure nonsense. There is no earthly connection, we might perhaps accentuate the phrase no earthly connection, between the architectural tastes of Kubla and the misfortunes of a lady who was wailing for her demon lover; and still less connection between this tragedy and the rejoicings round a gentleman who on honey-dew had fed and drunk the milk of paradise. Yet any mind moving by the laws of the imagination knows that all these three things are one thing, and the poem is one poem. The poet is riding the air on the imagination alone; and his Pegasus has wings and no feet. But almost all that has been attempted, in the way of analysing those

the same quantity of opium had been given to a number of Coleridge's contemporaries—let us say to George the Third, to Mr. Bentham, to the Duke of Wellington, to Mr. Gifford, to Beau Brummel or to William Pitt himself, not to mention Mr. Perceval—I gravely doubt whether any or all of these persons together would have produced a line of "Kubla Khan." It was a pity that Coleridge took opium; because it dissolved his great intellect in dreams, when he was perhaps more fitted than most men of his time to have made some structural logical system, that should have reconciled Revolution and Religion. But "Christabel" and "The Ancient Mariner" were written by Mr. Coleridge and not by Mr. Opium. The drug may have accelerated or made easy a work which some weaknesses in his moral character might

have made him avoid or delay, because they were laborious; but there is nothing creative about a narcotic. The point is perhaps worthy of remark; for nobody who knows the nineteenth-century literature can fail to notice that there was a curious effort, under the surface, to make such Asiatic drugs as normal as European drinks. It is a sort of subterranean conspiracy that ranges from the "Confessions" of De Quincey to the "Moonstone" of Wilkie Collins. Fortunately, tradition was too strong for it; and Christian men continued to prefer the grape of life to the poppy of death.

Then it would be easy to add, upon this secondary plane, that Coleridge did really suffer from other misleading influences besides opium. "The Ancient Mariner" is probably one of the most original poems that were ever written; and, like many original things, it is almost antiquarian. Like most Romantics reviving the Gothic without understanding the mediæval, he carried archaism to lengths that were almost

comic. I am not sure that he did not call the Mariner a Marinere. All that affects us as too reminiscent of the Olde English Tea-Shoppe. A more serious difficulty was that he turned too sharply from France to Germany. It was very natural that a Romantic should take refuge in the German forests, and still more in the German fairy-tales. It was a more unfortunate adventure that he took refuge with the German philosophers. They encouraged him, as did the drug, in a sort of misty infinity, which confused his real genius for definition and deduction. It was in every way excellent, of course, that the great German literature of the great German age, the age of Goethe and of Lessing, should be opened up to English readers; and perhaps it could have been done by Coleridge more calmly and luminously than it was afterwards done by Carlyle. But if Goethe was the great and good influence of Germany, Kant was on the whole the great and bad influence. These two great Germans offer any number of aspects to be admired or criticised; but, on the whole, Goethe made Germany a part of Europe, while Kant cut it off from Europe, following a wild light of its own, heaven knows where. Coleridge the philosopher can be criticised on various grounds, including the ground that he did not know the great philosophy of Christendom that was behind him. But Coleridge the poet cannot be criticised at all



CHIEF MOURNERS AT THE FUNERAL OF DR. DOLLFUSS: THE MURDERED AUSTRIAN CHANCELLOR'S MOTHER AND HIS STEP-FATHER; HERR STOCKINGER, A MINISTER OF THE NEW CABINET; FRAU DOLLFUSS, THE CHANCELLOR'S WIDOW, HEAVILY VEILED; AND PRINCE STARHEMBERG, VICE-CHANCELLOR AND MINISTER FOR SECURITY IN THE NEW CABINET (LEFT TO RIGHT).

Dr. Engelbert Dollfuss was born at Texing, in Lower Austria, of peasant stock, and, as Baron Franckenstein had it, "he remained simple all his life in his ways and his needs." At the funeral, it was noticed, his mother wore a little rosette of black and red, the colours of the Patriotic Front founded by her son in an attempt to incorporate the various Nationalist organisations of Austria.

imaginative laws, has been done by some metaphysician, who has feet and no wings.

It seems to me that the central genius of a man like Coleridge is not a thing to be dealt with by critics at all. If they really had anything worth saying about such a poet, they would write it in poetry. It is the curse upon all critics that they must write in prose. It is the specially blighting and blasting curse upon some of them, that they have to write in philosophical or psychological or generally analytical prose. I have never read a page of such criticism, however clear and clever, which brought me the most remote echo of the actual sound of the poetry or the power of poetical images, which are like magic talismans. Therefore, in writing about a man like Coleridge, we are driven back upon secondary things; upon his second-best work, or upon the second- or third-rate controversies aroused by that work. In that sense, of course, there are any number of second-rate things to be said about Coleridge. It is suggested, for instance, that the abnormal or enormous enlargement of his imagination was due to a dirty habit he had of taking opium. I will confess that I am sceptical about the divinity of the drug; or the power of any drug to act like a god, and make a man other than he really is. I will merely suggest that if exactly

THE TRAGEDY OF DOLLFUSS: THE MURDERED CHANCELLOR FROM YOUTH TO MANHOOD AND DEATH; AND HIS FAMILY.



THE LATE DR. ENGELBERT DOLLFUSS WHEN HE WAS AT SCHOOL BEFORE BECOMING A STUDENT OF LAW IN VIENNA AND OF POLITICAL ECONOMY IN BERLIN.



DR. DOLLFUSS WITH HIS WIFE (A GERMAN LADY WHOM HE FIRST MET IN BERLIN) AND HIS CHILDREN, EVA AND RUDOLF.



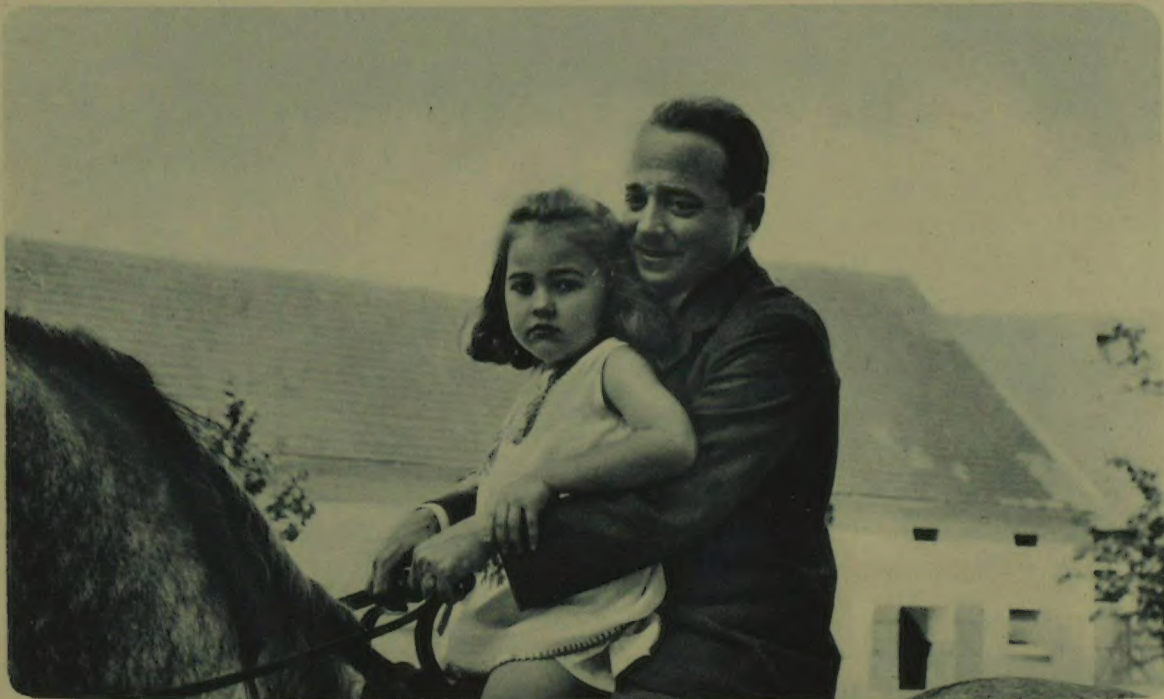
DR. DOLLFUSS'S LITTLE SON IN UNIFORM—AND HIS SISTER: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING A RECENT PARADE IN VIENNA.



FRAU DOLLFUSS AND HER CHILDREN IN ITALY WITH SIGNOR MUSSOLINI: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT IL DUCE'S BIRTHPLACE, PREDAPPIO.



FRAU DOLLFUSS AND HER CHILDREN IN ITALY, WHERE THEY WERE AT THE TIME OF THE ASSASSINATION; STAYING AT RICCIONE, WHERE SIGNOR MUSSOLINI WAS ALSO ON HOLIDAY AND WAS EXPECTING DR. DOLLFUSS.



DR. DOLLFUSS GIVING HIS DAUGHTER A RIDE AT WOLFPASSING: A DOMESTIC MOMENT IN THE LIFE OF THE CHANCELLOR.

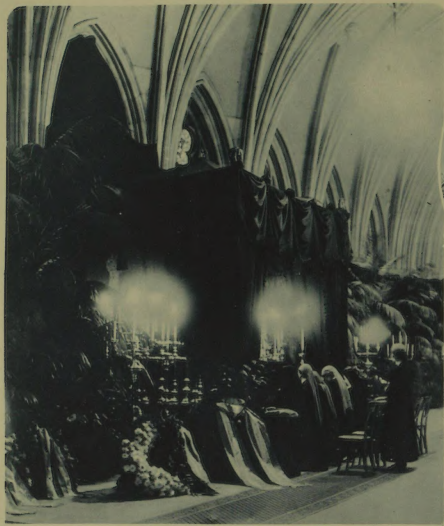


THE DEATH-MASK OF DR. ENGELBERT DOLLFUSS, THE MURDERED CHANCELLOR.

Dr. Engelbert Dollfuss, the Austrian Chancellor, who was assassinated on July 25, when Austrian Nazi rebels entered the Federal Chancellery in the Ballhausplatz, Vienna, was born at Texing, Lower Austria, of peasant stock, on October 4, 1892. He went to school at Hollabrunn, and afterwards studied law at the University of Vienna and political economy in Berlin. During the Great War he served as a volunteer lieutenant in the Tirolese Kaiserschützen and was twice wounded. After demobilisation he went back to Berlin to study. Returning home, he became Secretary of the Lower Austrian Peasants' Union. Later, he was to become Minister of Agriculture

in the Ender Cabinet. He was called upon to form his first Cabinet in the crisis of May 1932. — With regard to the photographs showing Frau Dollfuss and her children, it may be recalled that, as we note above, they were in Italy when Dr. Dollfuss was murdered. Frau Dollfuss flew to Vienna in an aeroplane furnished for her by the Italian Government. She reached the Austrian capital on the 26th, and went to the Chancellery immediately. She was present at the State funeral in Vienna. She left for Riccione on July 30, to rejoin her children, and it was understood that she would stay there for some time, with the Mussolini family.

THE TRAGEDY OF DOLLFUSS: IN THE CHANCELLERY; THE LYING-IN-STATE; AND THE STATE FUNERAL IN VIENNA.



(ABOVE) THE PUBLIC LYING-IN-STATE: THE COFFINED BODY OF THE MURDERED DR. DOLLFUSS RESTING ON A HIGH BIER IN THE CITY HALL, VIENNA.

(RIGHT) THE STATE FUNERAL OF DR. DOLLFUSS: THE COFFIN, WITH THE WRITERS FROM THE DEAD CHANCELLOR'S WIFE AND CHILDREN UPON IT, DRAWN ON A GUN-CARRIAGE TO THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. STEPHEN — THROUGH GUARDED STREETS.

IN view of possible sporadic outbreaks, the route along which the funeral procession of Dr. Dollfuss passed from the City Hall, Vienna, to the Cathedral of St. Stephen and thence to the cemetery, was closely watched, and, as one of the precautions, it was ordered that every window should be kept closed and spectators were not allowed to stand on balconies. As it happened, there were no "incidents." In accordance with his wish, Dr. Dollfuss was buried at Hietzing, where one of his children, a daughter, was buried in 1929. It is understood, however, that the Chancellor's remains will be transferred later to the Seipel Memorial Church, Vienna, which is nearing completion, there to rest by those of Dr. Seipel, a predecessor in the Chancellery. In his funeral

(Continued below)



THE LYING-IN-STATE: GREAT CROWDS LINED UP IN VIENNA TO PASS BEFORE THE COFFINED BODY OF THE CHANCELLOR IN THE CITY HALL.



SHORTLY AFTER HIS TRAGIC DEATH AT THE HANDS OF A NAZI ASSASSIN: THE MURDERED DR. DOLLFUSS IN HIS STUDY IN THE CHANCELLERY, WHERE THE BODY RESTED UNTIL THE REMOVAL TO THE CITY HALL FOR THE PUBLIC LYING-IN-STATE.



THE TRAGIC JOURNEY FROM THE CHANCELLERY, IN WHICH THE MURDER TOOK PLACE, TO THE CITY HALL: THE COFFIN BORNE TO A HEARSE FOR CONVEYANCE TO THE PLACE OF LYING-IN-STATE, WHERE THOUSANDS PAID THEIR LAST RESPECTS TO THE LITTLE CHANCELLOR.

(Continued.) oration, Herr Miklas, President of the Republic, said of the dead Chancellor: "He saved Austria from losing her soul, her inmost essence, in so-called Nazi 'conformity.' . . . He prevented Austria from becoming the battlefield of Europe and from final extinction in a Central European chaos. Not only did he save Austria, but also the peace of Europe, and in the end he sealed these acts with his blood as a martyr of Austrianism." Prince Starhemberg—at first "named" as the new Chancellor—but Vice-Chancellor in the new Cabinet, with Herr Schuschnigg as Chancellor—said of Dr. Dollfuss: "You will enter into Austrian history because of the success of your work; as one of the noblest, because of your unflinching modesty; as one of the most heroic, because of the manner of your death."



THE COFFIN GUARDED BY CORPS STUDENTS, ONE OF WHOM CARRIED THE DEAD CHANCELLOR'S CORPS CAP: OUTSIDE THE CITY HALL AS PRESIDENT MIKLAS (ON THE HIGH Dais; LEFT) WAS MAKING HIS SPEECH BEFORE THE FUNERAL PROCESSION STARTED FOR THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. STEPHEN, WHICH IS SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.



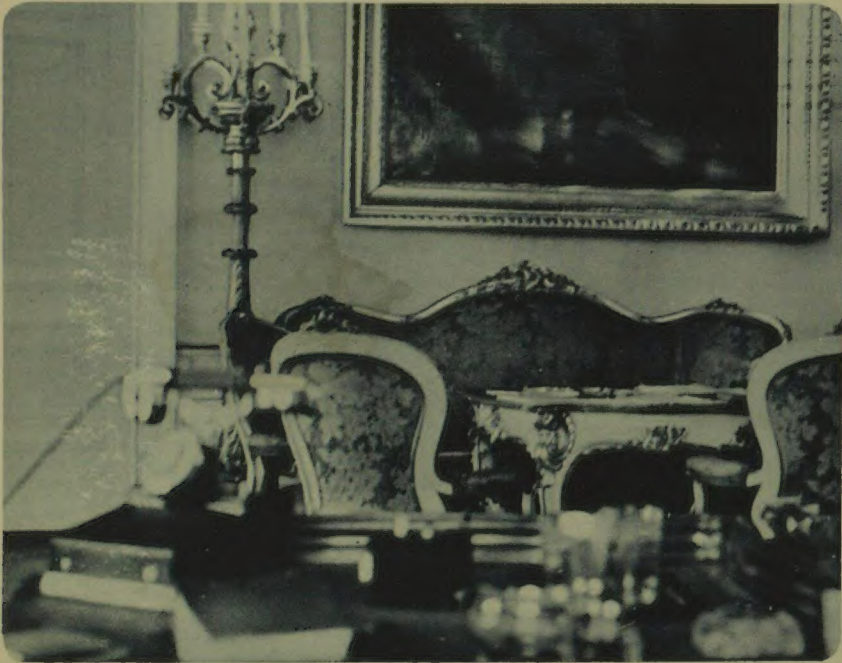
PRINCE STARHEMBERG MAKING HIS FUNERAL ORATION AT THE CITY HALL: THE VICE-CHANCELLOR IN THE NEW SCHUSCHNIGG CABINET SPEAKING OF THE MURDERED CHANCELLOR, DECLARING THAT HIS POLICY WOULD BE CARRIED ON, AND SAYING: "YOU WILL ENTER INTO AUSTRIAN HISTORY BECAUSE OF THE SUCCESS OF YOUR WORK."

THE TRAGEDY OF DOLLFUSS: AT THE CHANCELLERY AND THE RADIO STATION.

In his broadcast account of the *putsch* of July 25 in Vienna, Major Fey said: "Terrible events have happened in Austria. At 11 a.m. a Cabinet Council was held, and at 11.30 it was informed that supposed Heimwehr men and 150 Nazis, disguised as members of the police, were assembling in an athletic club in the 7th Vienna district and were planning some action against the Government. I at once informed the Chancellor, and the Cabinet meeting broke up, leaving the Secretary of Security and National Defence to take over in their place. Suddenly a detachment of what were thought to be police and army troops entered the Chancellery, where we were sitting. They had rifles in their hands, and forced their way into the main room. Karwinsky and I were arrested, as was Dollfuss in another room. At 2.30 I was escorted into another room, where I found Dollfuss lying wounded on a sofa. . . . We were escorted to a room where we were kept for several agonising hours, during which the Nazis, armed with rifles, threatened several times to kill us. Later in the day Herr Neustaedter-Stuerner was taken to the Chancellery to commence negotiations with the rebels." We quote the "Daily Telegraph."



GOVERNMENT TROOPS AT THE CHANCELLERY IN VIENNA ON THE DAY IT WAS ENTERED BY AUSTRIAN NAZIS: THE BUILDING IN WHICH DR. DOLLFUSS WAS KILLED AND MINISTERS WERE HELD PRISONER BY THE REBELS.



THE SCENE OF DR. DOLLFUSS'S DEATH: IN THE MURDERED CHANCELLOR'S STUDY IN THE CHANCELLERY; WITH THE DIVAN ON WHICH HE DIED IN THE BACKGROUND.



WHERE THE NAZIS SURPRISED THE MINISTERS: THE ROOM IN THE CHANCELLERY INTO WHICH THE REBELS BURST, ACTION WHICH LED TO THE CHANCELLOR'S DEATH AND THE HOLDING OF MAJOR FEY AND HERR KARWINSKY AS HOSTAGES.



THE WIRELESS STATION FROM WHICH AN ANNOUNCER WAS FORCED TO BROADCAST "THE GOVERNMENT HAS RESIGNED": HEIMWEHR AND POLICE ATTACKING THE BUILDING OF THE RAVAG (THE AUSTRIAN BROADCASTING CO.) IN VIENNA.



AFTER THE FIERCE FIGHTING FOR THE RAVAG BUILDING, WHICH COST THE LIVES OF THREE POLICE AND TWO NAZIS AND INJURIES TO MANY: REMOVING A WOUNDED EXECUTIVE AFTER THE AUTHORITIES HAD TAKEN POSSESSION.



A SEQUEL TO THE TAKING OF THE RAVAG BUILDING BY THE HEIMWEHR AND POLICE, WHO USED MACHINE-GUNS AND OTHER WEAPONS: ARRESTED MEN—SOME OF THEM WOUNDED—BEING MARCHED THROUGH THE STREETS BY THE POLICE.

When Herr Schuschnigg, now the Chancellor, broadcast on the night of July 25, he said: "This terrible day was started by a lie. The announcer of the broadcasting station, with a revolver placed at his head, was forced to say: 'The Government has resigned. Dr. Rintelen has taken over power.'" This was at about the time the rebel Nazis were entering the Chancellery. The Heimwehr and police were in action immediately, and there was brisk fighting with machine-guns, rifles, pistols, and hand-grenades, while the Ravag (the building of the Austrian Broadcasting Company) was being cleared. Meantime, a director had been shot dead. Three police were killed and two Nazis. The wounded were numerous. A number of arrests were made. On July 26 the "Times" correspondent in Graz stated: "The false announcement of the Government's resignation broadcast from Vienna was the signal for a Nazi revolt throughout Styria. . . . The Nazis, where they felt themselves strong enough, set out to storm police stations and Government buildings. They have been encouraged in their resistance by reports that their fellows are still fighting in Vienna and that the revolt will soon spread over Austria." In other words, they believed the false announcement, and not the official broadcast accounts.

THE TRAGEDY OF DOLLFUSS: PERSONALITIES OF THE AUSTRIAN SITUATION.



DR. RINTELEN.

Was Austrian Minister in Rome. Named by the rebels as successor to Dollfuss. After being detained in Vienna, shot himself, but is recovering. At the trial of Planetta and Holzweber, Major Fey said that the dying Chancellor had said: "Rintelen will make peace."



DR. RIETH.

German Minister in Vienna when the Nazi rebels entered the Chancellery. The rebels demanded a safe conduct across the German frontier as the price for their evacuation of the Chancellery, and Dr. Rieth, in sympathy with the besieged Austrian Ministers, agreed. Recalled from his post for having assented without consulting his Government, involving Germany in Austrian affairs.



HERR VON PAPEN.

German Vice-Chancellor. Asked by Herr Hitler to become German Minister in Vienna for a time, in the place of Dr. Rieth and with a special mission. Consequently, relieved of his Cabinet duties and of his work as Commissar for the Saar. The move was designed to be a "gesture" towards the restoration of normal and friendly relations between Germany and Austria.



HERR HABICHT.

Herr Hitler's personal "Inspector for Austria" at the Nazi headquarters in Munich. Relieved of his post on the ground that he had not exercised adequate supervision over the news of the events in Austria broadcast from Munich. Was detained by the German Government.



HERR KARWINSKY.

Under-Secretary for Justice in the new Cabinet. Under-Secretary for Security under Chancellor Dollfuss. Taken prisoner with Dr. Dollfuss and Major Fey when the Nazi rebels entered the Chancellery in the raid that was to end in the murder of the Chancellor. When he was appointed to his new post, it was arranged that he should also administer the Department of Security, pending further arrangements.



MAJOR FEY AND PRINCE STARHEMBERG (RIGHT).

Major Fey—then Minister for Security and now State Commissioner-General for Security and for the Interior—was one of the Ministers taken prisoner in the Chancellery by the Nazis. At the Planetta-Holzweber trial, he denied that he had given a personal safe-conduct pledge to the rebels.—Prince Starhemberg, leader of the Heimwehr (the Austrian Fascists), was Austrian Vice-Chancellor at the time of the "putsch." Was "named" as Chancellor, but remains Vice-Chancellor. Also Minister for Security. Recently replaced Major Fey as Vice-Chancellor. Acting Chancellor until the appointment of Herr Schuschnigg.



HERR SCHUSCHNIGG.

Appointed Chancellor in succession to the late Dr. Dollfuss. Also Minister for Defence, for Education and for Justice. Acting head of the Government immediately after the death of Dr. Dollfuss, under whom he was Minister for Education. Controller of the Catholic Ostmark Storm Troops who were placed at the disposal of Dr. Dollfuss, who became their honorary commander. A noted orator.



PRESIDENT MIKLAS.

President of the Austrian Republic since December 1928. At the Planetta-Holzweber trial, Major Fey stated that, when interpreting the insurgents' wishes, he had been misled by an assurance that President Miklas had confirmed the appointment of Dr. Rintelen as Chancellor.



OTTO PLANETTA.

The trial of two Austrian Nazis on charges in connection with the entry into the Chancellery on the occasion on which the Chancellor, Dr. Dollfuss, was killed, ended in Vienna on July 31. The prisoners were Otto Planetta, 35, charged with high treason and with the murder of Dr. Dollfuss, and Franz Holzweber, 30, charged with high treason on the ground that he was the leader of the rebels in the Chancellery. Both were ex-soldiers. Both were sentenced to death by hanging, and the sentence was carried out within three hours.



FRANZ HOLZWEBER.



THE ARCHDUKE OTTO.

Prince Starhemberg was cautious when asked as to a possible monarchy in Austria, and it was denied that there had been any communication with the exiled Austrian Royal family. There was an unofficial report on July 30 that the Archduke Otto was about to visit Italy.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



DRAKE'S SWORD RETURNS TO PLYMOUTH ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE ARMADA ENGAGEMENT: OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL NAVAL BARRACKS EXAMINING IT.

The sword of Sir Francis Drake, reputed to be that with which he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, was transferred on July 30 from Portsmouth Barracks to the re-named H.M.S. "Drake" Barracks at Devonport, where it will remain by permission of the owner, Mr. V. Williams, of Jersey. It was the anniversary of the Battle of Plymouth, which opened the engagement with the Armada in 1588. Commodore R. H. O. Lane-Poole, Captain of the Barracks, is seen holding the sword.



THE TIDWORTH TATTOO: FORMER DAYS IN THE HUNTING FIELD FAITHFULLY REPRODUCED—A MEET OUTSIDE AN OLD VILLAGE INN.

The Southern Command Tattoo holds its opening performance to-day, August 4, and other performances follow on August 7 to 11 at 9.30 p.m. daily. Last year this popular holiday event again broke all previous records for attendance, and even greater success is confidently predicted this year. Among many stirring episodes there occurs this "old-time" meet. Hounds are brought in and draw cover, and the fox is viewed.



NORWICH CATHEDRAL PAINTINGS RESTORED: ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST ON A NORMAN ARCH.

Restoration work has been carried out under the auspices of the Friends of Norwich Cathedral to arrest the decay with which certain of the beautiful paintings there were threatened. The paintings are on the vaulting of the Ante-Reliquary Chapel, and their delicacy of execution and richness of design associate them with the finest contemporary illuminations. Our photographs show two of the paintings after treatment. Both date from about 1315. That on the left represents St. John the Evangelist and is situated on the Norman arch at the west of the Ante-Reliquary Chapel. The other, of the St. Richard who was Bishop of Chichester from 1245 to 1253, is on the northern part of the vault above the Chapel.

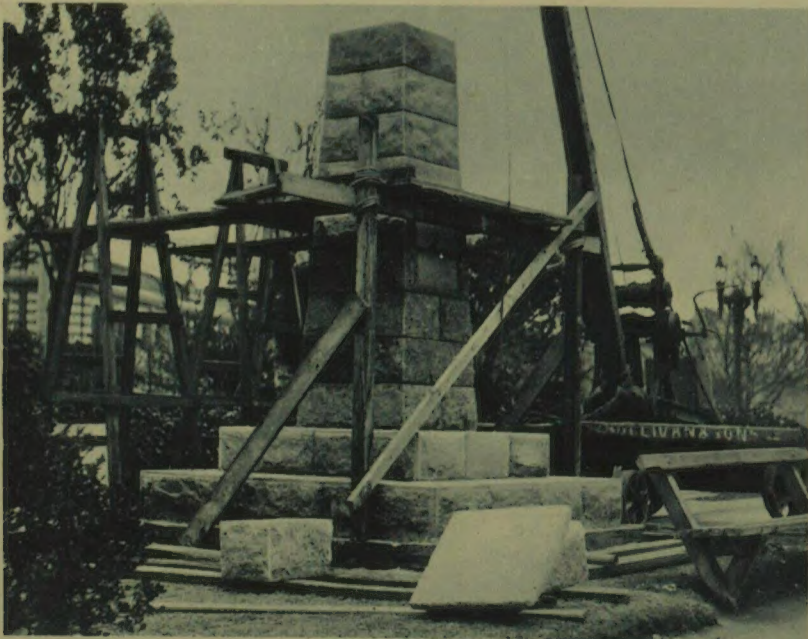


AN EARLY FOURTEENTH-CENTURY PAINTING RESTORED AT NORWICH CATHEDRAL: ST. RICHARD OF CHICHESTER, ON THE VAULTING ABOVE THE CHAPEL.



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A DALMATIC OF ITALIAN FIFTEENTH-CENTURY VELVET.

This Dalmatic unites in almost equal proportions the effects to be obtained by weaving and by embroidery. The foundation of the vestment is silk velvet, and the added panels or "apparels" are Spanish needlework of the sixteenth century, the shields of the main apparels bearing representations of the Five Wounds. The vestment, formerly in the Walston Collection, was bought by the Museum in 1912 for £92.



AN AUSTRALIAN MONUMENT TO CAPTAIN COOK TO BE SHIPPED, IN REPLICA, TO ENGLAND: THE OBELISK BEING ERRECTED IN MELBOURNE.

Captain Cook's boyhood home, the cottage known as Cleveland, at Great Ayton, near Middlesbrough, was last year sold by auction and was bought, on behalf of the Government of Victoria, for £800. It was then taken down brick by brick, shipped to Melbourne, and there re-erected, in a place of honour, for the centenary celebrations of Victoria. In return for this, Australia is sending to England a replica of the monument to Captain Cook which stands at Cape Everard,



CAPTAIN COOK'S COTTAGE, SHIPPED FROM YORKSHIRE, BEING ERRECTED AT MELBOURNE: "CLEVELANDS," WITH ALL BUT ITS ROOF, IN FITZROY GARDENS.

Victoria, this obelisk to be erected on the site formerly occupied by the cottage at Great Ayton. Our left-hand photograph shows the preparation of the memorial in St. Kilda Road, Melbourne. It had been hoped that it would arrive in England in time to be unveiled by a member of the Australian cricket team; but, as that is not so, it is likely that either Woodfull, the captain, or Bradman, the vice-captain, will lay the foundation-stone instead.

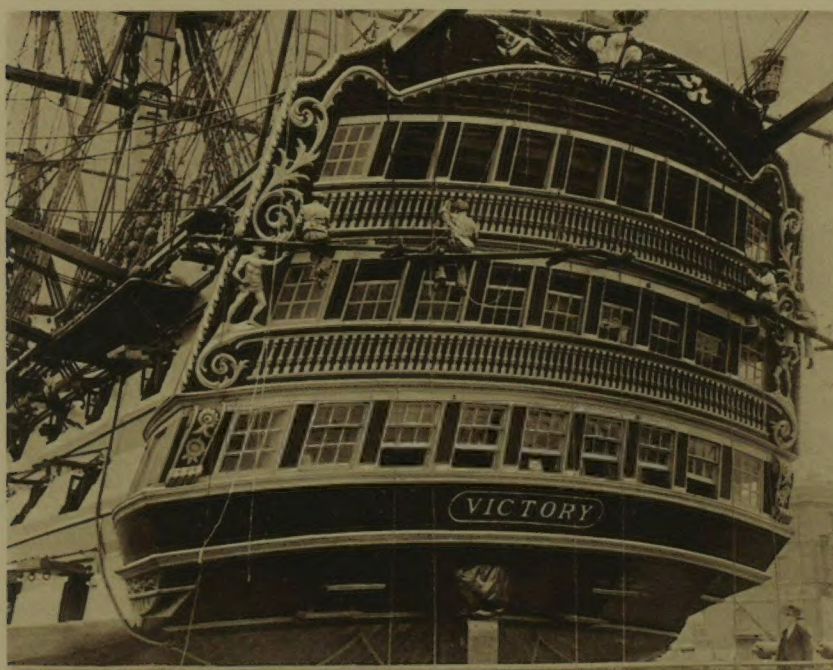
HOME NEWS IN PICTURES.



THE CHANNEL FLOWN UPSIDE DOWN IN CELEBRATION OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF BLÉRIOT'S HISTORIC AERIAL CROSSING: FLIGHT-LIEUT. TYSON CROSSING THE COAST-LINE IN AN INVERTED POSITION.



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER OPENS THE EMPIRE SWIMMING-POOL AT WEMBLEY H.R.H. IMPRESSING HIS MONOGRAM ON A FOUNDATION-STONE.



GETTING READY FOR "NAVY WEEK" AT PORTSMOUTH: WORKMEN CLEANING THE PICTURESQUE STERN OF NELSON'S "VICTORY."

On July 25, the Channel was crossed in 16 minutes by Flight-Lieut. G. Tyson, flying an aeroplane upside down. Flight-Lieut. Tyson performed the feat in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Blériot's first crossing of the Channel by air. He had to make two attempts before he was successful. His machine was a Tiger Moth with an inverted supply system for oil and petrol. The Empire Swimming-Pool and Sports Arena was inaugurated at Wembley on July 24 by the Duke of Gloucester, who opened the main door of the Empire Pool with a golden key. The pool is notable as embodying wave-machinery capable of producing waves 6 ft. high. "Navy Week" is being celebrated at Portsmouth, Chatham, and Plymouth from (to-day) August 4 to August 11. In this issue will be found natural colour photographs of historic uniforms, worn by sailors and Marines in the Portsmouth display, taken before the old "Victory." We also give in this number a double-page of unusually fine photographs of British warships in action—showing ships that will figure in the "Navy Weeks."

THE DISASTROUS POLISH FLOODS.

The floods which devastated the south of Poland have done damage estimated at nearly £10,000,000, and laid waste the region south of Cracow from the San on the east to the borders of Silesia. At least 50,000 families have been left destitute, and a very heavy responsibility has fallen on the Government to maintain them until next year's harvest. It was semi-officially estimated that some 200,000 people would need looking after. The devastated region covers an area as big as that of Belgium, in the southern and most beautiful part of Poland. Floods in the foothills of the Carpathians, it should be explained, are an annual occurrence. But, whereas they usually come in the early spring, this year they came after the grain had been cut in most places, and were of a severity never before experienced in Galicia. The Rivers Dunajec, San, Raba and Sola, which feed the Vistula, began to subside on July 19, and subsequent rain caused floods of only secondary importance. A Government committee, under the patronage of President Moscicki and Marshal Pilsudski, has charge of relief work.



WARSAW INUNDATED IN THE COURSE OF FLOODS WHICH DEVASTATED AN AREA AS LARGE AS BELGIUM: THE WATERS SWIRLING ROUND A RAILWAY STATION IN A SUBURB OF THE POLISH CAPITAL.



THE EFFECTS OF THE FLOODS AT ZAKOPANE, THE POPULAR HOLIDAY RESORT IN THE TATRA: HOUSES RUINED AFTER RAINFALL OF TROPICAL DENSITY.



FLOODS IN THE SUMMER INSTEAD OF IN THE EARLY SPRING, AS USUAL—AND, CONSEQUENTLY, DISASTROUS TO CROPS: A DEVASTATED STREET AT ZAKOPANE AFTER NATURE'S DIRE "BOMBARDMENT."

SHIPS TO BE SEEN DURING NAVY WEEK, WHICH STARTS TO-DAY: BATTLESHIPS OF THE HOME FLEET IN ACTION.

PREPARATIONS for Navy Week, which begins to-day, August 4, at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham, are on a more elaborate scale than ever before. The dockyards will receive visitors daily until Saturday, August 11 (except on Sunday, August 5), and at each port the attractions are exceedingly interesting and varied. The ships shown in these striking photographs will all be open to inspection at one or other of the ports—the "Rodney" at Plymouth, the "Nelson" at Portsmouth, and the "Valiant" at Sheerness. At Portsmouth there will also be the "Hood," the aircraft-carrier "Courageous," destroyers and submarines, and, of course, Nelson's immortal "Victory." At Plymouth, besides the "Rodney," visitors can go over the battleship

(Continued on right)



A FOUR-INCH ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN IN ACTION ON BOARD H.M.S. "VALIANT" DURING EXERCISES OF THE HOME FLEET THIS SUMMER: A BATTLESHIP OF THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" CLASS, WHICH MAY BE VISITED AT SHEERNESS DURING NAVY WEEK.



Wales Basin; and Chatham a quarter-size model of H.M.S. "Kent," a warship of 1760. Navy Week as a whole is to be officially inaugurated to-day by Earl Beatty at Portsmouth. He will make a speech from the deck of H.M.S. "Victory," his audience being accommodated alongside the ship. Thereafter visitors will be able to see something of the life of the Navy at close quarters, to take luncheons and teas on board some of the warships, and to attend free cinema performances at each of the dockyards. Admission is 1s. or 6d.

THE GREAT 16-INCH GUNS OF H.M.S. "RODNEY," SIXTY-TWO FEET LONG, RISING FROM HER TRIPLE TURRETS, WHICH, WITH THOSE OF HER SISTER-SHIP, THE "NELSON" (SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND), ARE THE MOST POWERFUL IN THE WORLD: THE TWO BATTLESHIPS, BOTH TO BE SEEN DURING NAVY WEEK, CRUISING IN SCOTTISH WATERS.



FIRING THE WORLD'S GREATEST BROADSIDE: H.M.S. "RODNEY'S" TRIPLE 1600-TON TURRETS OF 16-INCH GUNS DISCHARGING THEIR SHELLS OF OVER ONE TON EACH DURING HOME FLEET EXERCISES—A SHIP TO BE OPEN FOR INSPECTION AT PLYMOUTH.

for children under fourteen, and for this sum about six hours' entertainment and instruction can be obtained. All the proceeds of Navy Week are devoted to naval charities. Finally, it is of interest to note that an Exhibition of Naval Photographs by Charles E. Brown, illustrating phases of everyday life in the Navy, and including certain of the photographs reproduced here, was opened by the First Sea Lord, Admiral Sir A. Eric Chatfield, at the Ilford Galleries, 101, High Holborn, on Wednesday, July 25.

H.M.S. "VALIANT'S" BROADSIDE OF SIXTEEN 6-INCH GUNS: A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OFF PORTLAND WHILE THE "VALIANT" WAS ENGAGED IN NAVAL EXERCISES OF THE HOME FLEET—A FAMOUS BATTLESHIP WHICH WAS LAUNCHED IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WAR AND TOOK PART IN THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND.



"Barham" and a number of smaller vessels, including submarines. The aircraft-carrier "Glorious" will be in dock, but not open to inspection. Chatham offers a number of cruisers and smaller craft, one of the most interesting being the new sloop "Lath," only just commissioned and about to leave for New Zealand. At Chatham one of the great attractions will be a demonstration, given four times daily, of the attack on Zeebrugge. Each port also has its model ship of the old sailing Navy—Portsmouth a replica of the "Victory" (illustrated on several occasions in these pages); Plymouth a half-size copy, correct in every detail, of Drake's "Golden Hind," in which visitors may take a trip in the Prince of

(Continued below)

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

FROM ARTISTE TO ARTIST: JOHN TILLEY (AT THE COMEDY).

IT happened during the first season of Mrs. Laura Henderson's Windmill Theatre "Revudevilles." Already the unceasing ingenuity of Mr. Vivian Van Damm had defeated the prophecies of the croakers who predicted a

reform and conform itself to the exigencies of the drawing-room comedy? Speculation was rife; expectations were great. When he appeared, a little fluster ran through the house. There came a fairly rotund, middle-aged gentleman, with iron-grey and mixed brown hair, with a distinguished gait and a serene and didactic manner, whose personality

was as far apart from John Tilley as we knew him as the poles. Surely that would not be the same man? That must be an understudy. John Tilley was tall, lanky, fair; this schoolmaster, reminiscent of the one in "Young Woodley," was compressed in stature and slightly rotund of girth. His address, too, was quite different; no drooping lip here; no mouthing; no feminine inflection of the voice; no fluttering of ill-fitting clothes; on the contrary, a very male, very opinionated person, with, under the surface of his somewhat rugged exterior, a poetic soul, deeply in love with the young heroine. What a fine, sensitive creation it was! How studied and finished every gesture! I thought of a kind of miniature edition of Charles Laughton, but of a lighter touch and a deeper note—a flattering comparison, indeed, but a deserved one. Of course, this first auspicious incursion into the legitimate can only be considered as a signpost, not a milestone; but it was sufficiently important to foretell that in future the erstwhile music-hall artiste, John Tilley, will occupy his own particular place among our players of character parts, humorous or pathetic.

concerning contemporary life. That was Noel Coward's and Robert Sherwood's achievement in their excursions into this form of play-making. Their medium was porcelain, not pewter; brittle and enchanting in its gaiety, its rhythm, and its creation of a life distant from every day. Still, being drama, it deals with human beings, and the story told had its pulse of emotion. There are no violent antipathies or fervent beliefs. It is entertainment unminged with any other purpose. The Quintero Brothers, whose "Dono Clarines," and Martinez Sierra, whose comedy, "The Lover," at the Webber-Douglas Theatre, write with the same intention. It is life by candlelight, and in these Spanish plays the fancy is so quiet that it is hardly dramatic at all in the accepted sense, though it presents opportunities for the actor to draw winning and original studies. Mr. Richard Goolden gives a performance in "The Lovers" that is a sheer delight. What a versatile and brilliant comedian he is! As an actor he always rewards us by his presence, and I have seen nothing more conquering than his portrait of this playlet of Sierra.

Mr. Shaw has his own method, and, kicking sentiment off the stage, he scores by seizing on the common factor, the follies and stupidities of mankind of every age, and, holding them up for laughter, makes us feel the more the world changes the more it remains the same. He mocks at the romanticist, and in his amusing sketch, "The Six of Calais," at the Open-Air Theatre, he gets his fun by making the history of Froissart seem comic. It is all excellent fun, a rag where everyone romps and explodes in pointed speeches. The henpecked husband, King Edward, the managing Philippa, the ferocious diehard Burgher, whose insults are so ripe with impudent humour, form the trio in whom the plot centre fastens. But Shaw in his wildest fooling is best seen in the revival of "Androcles and the Lion," which so perfectly fits this open-air stage that it might have been written for it. Instead of glamour, Shaw writes burlesque; instead of sentiment he puts mockery and the buffoon; but his period plays, in their fun, still share a feeling that the fantastic world depicted is too far off to be serious about. In place of the pulse of emotion he puts the kick of satire.

At the Embassy, Swiss Cottage, Mr. Ronald Gow's period play, "My Lady Wears a White Cockade," explores the history of the Jacobites and the last phase of the Pretender's career. He, too, is far from serious; but, unlike Shaw, whose choice runs to farce, he aims at fantasy. It is a play full of quick imagination, subtle observation, and Gallic spirit. All the characters are figments of playful, ironic conception—a prince who prefers exile and a lady who "wants to be taken into history," coquettish and naughtily childish; a poet who was a lackey, and a statesman who is a buffoon. The dialogue has grace and the situations piquancy. But its interpretation on the Embassy stage lacked the delicacy, the fantasy, the imagination the play demanded. This is not Jacobite drama. It is a *jeu d'esprit* on a Jacobite theme. It needs salt and savour. It is a trifle that might, with the inspiration of a lighter touch, have been gay and delicious entertainment. It is a pity, for Mr. Gow, who wrote "Gallows Glorious," is a young author who deserves encouragement, and his latest effort did not get the presentation that did it full justice.



THE "MERCHANT OF VENICE" AT VENICE: THE PICTURESQUE CAMPO SAN TROVASO, WHERE THE PERFORMANCES WERE GIVEN, SEEN AS IT IS NORMALLY (ABOVE), AND AS ADAPTED BY DUILIO TORRES (BELOW).

In our last issue we were able to illustrate the magnificent Max Reinhardt presentation of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" in the Campo San Trovaso, Venice. That being so, it is interesting to compare a photograph of the normal appearance of the Square with a drawing showing the ingenious manner in which it was adapted for the performances. Most notable is the "Villa at Belmonte," erected on the left.

short life for the non-stop policy of variety. As I write they are celebrating in their cosy little box the 4000th performance, and their forty-seventh Revue defies the tropical thermometer. "House Full" is the order of the day and all day. The Windmill has become an institution. Well, one afternoon there appeared in the programme the name of John Tilley, comedian. We had never heard of him; he was, in London at any rate, an unknown quantity. Yet as soon as he appeared, the public burst into loud laughter; such a funny chap had never been seen since the palmy days of the music hall. He was lank; his sleek, fair hair was parted in the middle; his flaccid eyes, his drooping mouth, his ashen complexion, his inane, sadly comic smile, conveyed the impression of a polite lunatic; he reminded one of the "niais," the nit-wit of old French comedies. But no sooner did he begin his monologue on some absurd subject of the day—say a company promoter addressing his shareholders with a disastrous balance-sheet—than we listened in an atmosphere of rare mirth and satire. It was not so funny what he said, as the funny way he said it. His address on any subject, political or social, his narration of his adventures as a Boy Scout, a betting man, a bicyclist, an angler, a Parliamentary candidate, was all in the same manner. There was no coherence nor rhyme nor reason in his babble, and yet it was excruciatingly funny. It was a new sense and expression of humour, far more telling than the broad jokes of the ordinary comedian. It was the creation of a keen observer of human foibles and peculiarities, who sees his fellow-creatures in a distorted mirror. These wonderful allusions soon became the most popular number in the Windmill programme, and ere long the name of John Tilley, "the resident comedian," became a household word.

And so, after two years' loyal service to the Revudeville, John Tilley was snatched up by the Comedy Theatre and appeared with charming Dorothy Dickson in "The Private Road," by John Carlton. It was not a stride; it was a leap! How would this singlehanded performer fare among a crew? How would his years of "niaiserie"

PERIOD PLAYS.

The period play—that is, the play which seeks its inspirations in the waste-paper baskets of the historian—has its vogues of popularity on our London stage, though in the provincial theatre its appeal appears to be constant. To-day this period play, with all its opportunities for the stage designer and costumier, is coming back to our London stage. "Conversation Piece" and "Reunion in Vienna," both comedies that might be put under this classification, have proved big box-office successes. The very fact that this type of play can employ colour, leisured grace of movement, pictorial design, establish an atmosphere far away from the everyday world we know; at once invites the playwright's skill and the producer's imagination to present an entertainment that has glamour, style, and quality distinct and different from the play



"A MAN'S HOUSE," AT THE MALVERN FESTIVAL: A SCENE FROM THE PLAY BY JOHN DRINKWATER, WHICH DEALS WITH THE "MODERN" REACTIONS OF A RESPECTABLE JEWISH MERCHANT AND HIS HOUSEHOLD TO THE COMING OF OUR LORD.

"A Man's House" was presented at the Malvern Festival on July 23. Salathiel, the head of a family with a long and honourable tradition of public service and private business in Jerusalem, is antipathetic to the new Christian tradition, which he thinks will disturb the established order. His son, Mathias, represents the attitude of reason to the claims of the new faith. When his sister, Esther, is miraculously cured of her blindness beneath the windows of their house, he pooh-poohs the miracle. Our illustration shows a scene from Act III. The characters are (l. to r.) Esther (Joyce Bland), Levi (W. E. Holloway), Salathiel (Basil Radford), and Mathias (Reginald Tate).

Portsmouth's Navy Week: Seamen and Marines in Historic "Rig."

NATURAL-COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE FINLAY COLOUR PROCESS.



HISTORIC UNIFORMS IN THE NAVY WEEK DISPLAY AT PORTSMOUTH; PHOTOGRAPHED BEFORE THE "VICTORY": SEATED (LEFT TO RIGHT), A SAXON BUSCARLE, 800; SEAMAN, THIRTEENTH CENTURY; CINQUE PORTS SEAMEN, 1503 AND 1590; SEAMEN OF 1664, 1704, 1750, 1805. STANDING (L. TO R.), SEAMAN OF 1845; PETTY OFFICER, 1855; SEAMAN, 1875; SEAMAN, PRESENT DAY; STOKER (FIELD-SERVICE "RIG"), AND PRESENT DAY TROPICAL "RIG."



HISTORIC UNIFORMS OF THE MARINES IN THE NAVY WEEK DISPLAY AT PORTSMOUTH; PHOTOGRAPHED BEFORE THE "VICTORY": SEATED (LEFT TO RIGHT); SOLDIER OF THE DUKE OF YORK AND ALBANY'S MARITIME REGIMENT OF FOOT; PRIVATE, 3RD REGIMENT OF MARINES, 1742; PRIVATE, MARINE BATTALION COMPANY, 1805; PRIVATE, ROYAL MARINES, 1854. STANDING (L. TO R.), GUNNER, ROYAL MARINE ARTILLERY, 1895; PRIVATE, ROYAL MARINE LIGHT INFANTRY, 1895; SERGEANT, ROYAL MARINES, PRESENT DAY (SUMMER DRESS); AND CORPORAL, ROYAL MARINES, PRESENT DAY (FULL DRESS).

Navy Week this year takes place from August 4—11 at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham. With regard to the Royal Marines, who are figuring in the display at Portsmouth, it is interesting to note that this corps has a good claim to have been London's oldest "Territorials." It was from the City's

trained bands that the first seagoing soldiers were raised. Established in 1664 as the Duke of York and Albany's Maritime Regiment of Foot, the Marines still commemorate their London origin by being privileged to march through the City with colours flying, drums beating, and bayonets fixed.



— On His Majesty's Service —

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

CENTENARIES (as I may have observed before) have a way of springing upon me unexpectedly. I sometimes discover too late that one of these impish anniversaries has been lurking behind a book that I have reviewed, and, directly the review has gone to press, out it jumps and jeers at me. This week, by a lucky chance, I have caught one, or rather two, of the tribe just in time, for on opening the *Morning Post* I learn that the present year of grace marks the centenary of the Sage of Chelsea's arrival in that royal suburb, and also of the birth of the artist—Whistler—who painted Carlyle's most famous portrait. No book on my list is directly concerned with Whistler, but this is obviously the moment to deal with one which, incidentally, records the painting of that portrait—to wit, "CARLYLE IN OLD AGE" (1865-1881). By David Alec Wilson and David Wilson MacArthur. With four Portraits (Kegan Paul; 15s.).

Here we have the sixth and last volume of a monumental work. The original biographer did not live to finish it, but it has been admirably concluded on similar lines, and on the basis of his voluminous collections, by his nephew. Mr. MacArthur has performed his onerous task in a spirit of piety (in the Virgilian sense) and with results that are completely satisfying. It did not fall to my lot to review any of the five previous volumes, but, if they were better than this one, they must have been good indeed. This volume is prefaced by a short memoir of Mr. D. A. Wilson, who made Carlyle's career a subject of life-long study. His experience as a judge in India gave him a power of sifting evidence which he applied later as a

for encouragement and wise counsel. The book is a full chronicle of his friendships, acquaintances, and conversations, with leading people of the day as well as with casual visitors. The climax of his personal fame arrived in 1866, with his great Address as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University. "For an hour and a half Carlyle held his audience spellbound. . . . When he finished, and sat down, the pent-up emotion broke forth; there was, in Conway's words, 'an audible motion, as of breath long held, by all present.' Then the applause began—a roar of acclamation, of exultation, a perfect frenzy of cheering and waving and adulation." The description of this scene, and of the incidents that preceded and followed it, is one of the best things in the book.

Part of the sequel provides a link with my next subject (which is Dickensian); for on the evening of the Edinburgh Address, Mrs. Carlyle, whose state of health had obliged her to remain in London, radiant with the news (by telegram) of her husband's triumph, met and talked with Dickens at dinner at John Forster's. "Dickens" (we read) "had honoured Carlyle above all other men," and when Dickens died, Carlyle wrote of him with the deepest affection. Carlyle's tribute is also quoted by the novelist's son (whose tragic death occurred last December from injuries inflicted by a motor-cycle) in "THE RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR HENRY DICKENS, K.C." With eighteen Illustrations (Heinemann; 18s.). Sir Henry himself gives a personal reminiscence of Carlyle, which escaped the biographer's net. "It was my privilege," he writes, "to pay him two or three visits at his house in Cheyne Row after my father's death. I went there for the first time with feelings of awe and some

These allusions lead me naturally to "THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL." The Novel of Sentiment and the Gothic Romance. By Ernest A. Baker, D.Lit. (Witherby; 16s.). Although, by a strange omission, it is not "so nominated" on the title-page, this book is not, as might appear to a casual glance thereat, a complete history of English fiction, but only one section of an extensive work, covering the phase indicated by its sub-title. It is, in fact, a fifth volume, to be followed by others. It opens after the deaths of "the Big Four"—Fielding, Richardson, Sterne, and Smollett—and includes "The Vicar of Wakefield," which (says Dr. Baker) "affiliates Goldsmith with this epoch-making group. And" (he continues) "until the end of the (eighteenth) century and the arrival of Maria Edgeworth and Jane Austen, comes a period difficult to characterise, which would be called dull if it were judged by purely literary standards, though from other points of view it teems with interest." Thus he indicates the scope of the present volume, one of the bright spots in which was Fanny Burney's "Evelina." He includes one American writer, Charles Brockden Brown (1771-1810), whose "four novels" (we read) "made a deep impression on the mind of Shelley."

In some respects, the conditions in the production of fiction at the end of the eighteenth century, as described by Dr. Baker, seem to have been curiously like those of to-day. "Novels being the chosen recreation of an uncritical multitude," he writes, "there was a market for anything readable. . . . Thus the manufacture of novels speedily became a flourishing trade. . . . Fiction was



AN IMPRESSION OF THE SOUTH BANK OF THE THAMES AS IT MAY BE IF THE L.C.C. DEVELOPMENT SCHEME IS CARRIED OUT: THE ALBERT EMBANKMENT EXTENDED EASTWARDS, WITH WELL LAID-OUT GARDENS BACKED BY NEW BUILDINGS; HUNGERFORD BRIDGE ON THE RIGHT, AND A NEW WATERLOO BRIDGE ON THE LEFT.

The Labour Party's scheme for the development of the south bank of the Thames between Westminster and Waterloo Bridges, at a cost of £1,435,000, was passed by the London County Council on July 24. An amendment by the Municipal Reform Party, seeking to make the scheme more comprehensive, and to include provision for a future Charing Cross bridge, was defeated. Mr. G. R. Strauss, Chairman of the Highways Committee, who submitted the Labour scheme, said that the

development dealt with one of the most important parts of London, which to-day was an agglomeration of ugly wharves and mean streets. It was obvious, he said, that to develop it to the fullest advantage it must be under the control of the Council. Our illustration shows an impression by Mr. Sydney R. Jones, imposed upon a photograph of that part of the south bank which the London County Council propose to redevelop.

biographer, and he admitted nothing but authentic fact. The *magnum opus* itself was preceded by several preliminary books intended to clear the ground. First came an antidote to Froude, called "Mr. Froude and Carlyle." Then "The Truth About Carlyle" (we read) "demolished the obscene libel that had been spread regarding Carlyle. . . . while *The Faith of All Sensible People* was a simple exposition of Carlyle's creed." In a closing tribute to his uncle's work, Mr. MacArthur says: "He leaves behind a lasting monument in one of the most exhaustive and ambitious biographies since Boswell."

The more I read about Carlyle, the more I am impressed by his greatness of soul and his large humanity. Throughout this volume there is constantly revealed, by innumerable incidents and personal glimpses of him gathered from many different sources, the essential kindness and sympathy underlying a gruff exterior, and the abounding humour co-existent with that *saeva indignatio* which made him so fierce a denouncer of injustice and folly. In the light of this revealing volume, it is easy to understand the love and reverence which he inspired among his intimates. Of his domestic life in his younger days we recently had a reminder in that charming play "Jane and Genius" (which I saw on the first night), wherein Miss Marda Vane and Mr. Wilfrid Walter gave an interpretation of Carlyle and his wife that deserved a longer run. In the present volume we meet the famous pair in the evening of their days together, and we get convincing proof of their mutual devotion. Nothing in the book is more poignant than the account of Mrs. Carlyle's sudden death, in her husband's absence, and his outpouring of grief when he came home.

By the time when this volume begins, Carlyle's creative literary work was practically done, with the completion of his "History of Frederick the Great," and he appears henceforward as a Nestor of letters, to whom his contemporaries, and younger writers from both sides of the Atlantic, came

trepidation. This was but natural in the case of a very young man paying a visit to an old man of Carlyle's rare gifts and immense reputation, and one who could be very dour at times. But I found that such feeling was quite uncalled for and he at once put me entirely at my ease."

Sir Henry Dickens, who long held the office of Common Serjeant of London, tells us that he wrote his reminiscences "upon my retirement at the age of eighty-three, from my long and busy association of over sixty years with the Bar and the Judicial Bench." There is, however, no touch of senility; on the contrary the book is full of sprightliness and vivacity. His life, he points out, divides into two periods—before and after his father's death, and "the first period," he says, "vastly transcends in importance and interest to myself any events of late years." To modern readers I am not sure that the subsequent record of his own experiences will not prove even more attractive, with its rich fund of legal wit and anecdote, interesting details about famous cases with which the author was connected (including one in which he had to call a witness named Pickwick!), and memories of many people whom he knew in the literary, artistic, and theatrical world. Personally, however, I find his authentic picture of old days at Gad's Hill in his father's lifetime the most delightful part of the book, adding, as it does, a new and important chapter to Dickensian annals. Particularly amusing is the description of the private theatricals, and of the occasion when "Thackeray rolled off his seat in a burst of laughter" at a song sung by Canon Ainger (as he afterwards became). Noteworthy, too, are Sir Henry's comments on "Great Expectations," which Dickens considered one of his best works, and on the posthumous mystery of "Edwin Drood." The choice of Sir Henry's Christian names is another interesting point. His father had thought of calling him Oliver, but then reflected that he might be constantly chafed as "Oliver asking for more," and so decided to name him after Henry Fielding.

often a hobby when it was not a remunerative occupation. And yet of all the young women who applied themselves to it for pleasure, Fanny Burney and Jane Austen alone turned out to have genius. . . . The invention of the circulating library was an excellent thing for the book-trade, but an evil for authorship, in that it tended more than any other circumstance to turn this also into a trade, and to make authors the hired servants, not merely of the book-sellers, but of the crowd of readers." For the purpose of his very informing work, Dr. Baker must have waded through a vast mass (or should we say "morass"?) of bygone fiction, varying in merit and entertainment. He has my sincere respect.

Both fiction and biography, not to mention poetry and drama and other forms of literature, have contributed to the fame of ancient hostels. Dickensians, in particular, will not be absent from the host of readers likely to be attracted to "THE OLD INNS OF ENGLAND." By A. E. Richardson, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A. With a Foreword by Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A., twenty-five Drawings by Brian Cook, and 132 Photographs (Batsford; 7s. 6d.). As the names on the title-page indicate, the primary motive of this beguiling book is architectural, but it has many other fascinating side-issues—pictorial, historical, and literary. The abundance and beauty of the illustrations maintain the high Batsford standard in these matters, and comprise a coloured frontispiece specially drawn by Professor Randolph Schwabe. The author's introduction traces the story of the inn and the road through the ages, while separate chapters are allotted to modern touring (with a selected list of inns), inn names and signs, historic inns, and the inn in literature, concluding with Shenstone's immortal lines. This section, of course, might be amplified interminably. I have not noticed any reference, for example, to the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, the Mermaid Tavern, or Tennyson's apostrophe to that "plump head-waiter at The Cock, to which I most resort." C. E. B.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO**, the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our series of occasional articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

EXACTLY twenty years ago, after half a century of peace, Europe rushed into the war which was to bring ruin upon the world. There have been many wars in history. How was it that the consequences of that particular war were comparable, by their complexity and range, to those of no previous one? Why did that war throw half the world into anarchy, and the whole of it into want and misery? After twenty years, in the midst of the universal desolation, it is worth while asking that question.

Between the war of 1914-1918 and the wars of the eighteenth century prior to the French Revolution, or those fought between the European Powers from 1848 to 1870—the Crimean War, the war of 1859, the war of 1866, and the war of 1870—there is a difference which must be grasped if we are to discover the origin of the evil from which we are suffering. The wars of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were caused by definite political questions; and they ended, nearly always through negotiations, in a more or less satisfactory conclusion of the question which had given rise to them. In all wars there existed a certain connection between the effort put forth by the adversaries and the importance of the question which drove them to take up their arms: peace was signed when one or other of the combatants considered that the sacrifices of the war had exceeded the interests at stake, and that it was preferable to come to an agreement by giving way or compromising.

The war of 1914-1918 was also provoked by a definite political question, a minor issue in the whole of the conflicts which then set the great Powers at loggerheads: the Austro-Russian rivalry in the Balkans, exasperated by the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand at Serajevo, and the diplomatic conflict which ensued. But the war of 1914-1918 was not, like the previous wars, limited to the solution of the problem which had given rise to it. Around that main question it rapidly grouped many others, setting itself new objects which grew more complicated as it went on. Starting off with a well-determined Austro-Russian question, it aroused all the 'other' political questions which had been dormant for twenty years—Alsace-Lorraine, Trent and Trieste, Constantinople, Poland, Balkan rivalry, anti-Austrian irredentism, and the organisation of Central Europe. Then, as an additional complication, it drew in the colonial questions of Africa and Asia; it resuscitated the old quarrel of the freedom of the seas which had supposedly been settled during the nineteenth century; and finally set out to perform nothing less than a general palingenesis: the establishment of a political and international order which would assure the peoples peace and liberty for all eternity.

The war of 1914-1918 was a war of shifting and growing aims. All the belligerents, as the war dragged on, wished to assure themselves results more and more complicated, distant, and involved. There was a moment, towards 1916, when that continual enlargement of the programme caused a certain amount of confusion. The belligerents in both camps had the impression that they no longer knew what they were fighting about, and began to discuss the object of the war.

How is that strange novelty to be explained? By an initial disproportion between the question which gave rise to the war and the primary effort made by the belligerents. The World War was provoked by the Austro-Serbian conflict and the Austro-Russian rivalry. If Russia and Austria alone had taken arms and fought with the comparatively small and simple weapons of the beginning of the nineteenth century, there would have been a war of definite aims and limited development, like the wars of the eighteenth century. But in 1914 Europe was divided into two systems of government and had organised gigantic armies. On account of the game of alliances and the proportions attained by those armies, in August 1914 it was possible to put nearly eight million men in the field. It was over-much, just in order to decide whether Serbia would or would not fall under the domination of the Habsburg Empire.

Once drawn into the war, each Power hastened to take up questions of more importance to its own self than Serbia, and which should justify such a mighty effort. France declared that she would lay down her arms only when she had reconquered Alsace and Lorraine. Russia brought up the question of Poland and Constantinople. Germany suggested a reorganisation of Europe which would have given her the hegemony of the Continent. But, in extending the aims of the war in every direction, the belligerent States committed themselves to bringing a still

greater pressure to bear on the opponent, making a still mightier effort. While both sides were increasing the number of their soldiers and the offensive and defensive power of their weapons, new alliances were frantically sought in all directions. But each fresh ally brought into the conflict meant a fresh problem to be solved, which further complicated the struggle and entailed yet greater efforts on the part of the belligerents. The more the efforts increased, the more the belligerents delighted in imagining extraordinary results which should justify the tremendous sacrifices already consented. That is how, towards 1917, the object of the war ended in becoming the reconstruction of the world. To-day it is the custom to jeer at President Wilson, who, after 1917, became the eloquent announcer of the chimerical palingenesis: but does anyone sincerely believe that it would have been possible to keep so many millions of men in the trenches if they had been told that they were fighting for a few thousands of square miles of territory and a few millions indemnity?

The World War was, if I may be permitted to employ a somewhat peculiar term, a war of reversed justification.



FRANCE AND RUSSIA AS ALLIES: PRESIDENT POINCARÉ IN RUSSIA WITH THE TSAR IN JULY 1914.

President Poincaré arrived at Kronstadt on July 20 and left on the 23rd. On August 1 a state of war existed between Russia and Germany, and on the next day German troops were on French soil. On August 3 came Germany's formal declaration of war against France. On August 4 German troops entered Belgium.

In the wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it was the importance of the question for which they were being fought that justified the sacrifices they entailed. Sacrifices were proportioned to the importance of the question at stake; when they seemed to have gone beyond it, peace was made. In the war of 1914-1918 the relation was reversed; it was the sacrifices already consented which had to justify the magnitude of the aims; the belligerents grew more exacting as the sacrifices increased. But, as the sacrifices grew in proportion to the demands, it developed into a race between the one and the other—a race to the abyss. That tragic reversal surprised the entire world, in such a state of ignorance and non-realisation that still, after twenty years, and in the midst of the accumulated ruins, it has not awakened to the fact. And yet there had already been one huge war of reversed justification at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and it, too, had culminated in a gigantic catastrophe—the war which ravaged Europe almost without interruption from the rupture of the Peace of Amiens in 1803 until the Battle of Waterloo in 1815. For twelve years a war that was begun for a definite and limited question was extended to the point of setting fire to a whole continent, because it persisted in running after results in proportion to the sacrifices.

The rupture of the Peace of Amiens was performed for two definite reasons: Piedmont, annexed by the First Consul for France, and Malta, which England hesitated to give up, in spite of the engagement entered into at Amiens. But a war between England and France was a sword-duel at twenty yards' distance. France could not possibly hope to wound England in her strong point—the sea. England could not possibly hope to wound France in hers—the Continent. The First Consul prepared a descent on England, built an enormous fleet, set up the camp at

Boulogne, and mobilised a huge army. He spent vast sums, he enlisted public opinion; he even sold Louisiana to the United States in order to cover the expenses of that tremendous preparation. Two years passed by and nothing happened. England and France continued to threaten each other from afar, while continuing to increase their forces.

Towards the middle of 1805 Napoleon's situation became tragic. For two years he had been at war with England; he had subjected France to prodigious sacrifices in view of the decisive blow he was to deal England. . . . And that blow was always being put off. To keep public opinion up to the mark, he even proclaimed himself Emperor: nothing was left untried. The alliance contracted by Austria with England offered him an excuse for a diversion, which seemed momentarily to have saved him. Unable to reach England, in the second half of 1805 he invaded Germany and flung himself upon Austria. Ulm, Austerlitz: the coalition was stunned by a knock-down blow. And then happened the drama which historians have been concealing for a century, and from which issued all the misfortunes of Europe, up to the immense upheaval of our own period.

At that time there existed a man of genius: Talleyrand. After Austerlitz he advised Napoleon to make France and Austria leave Italy together, re-establish Venice and the Italian independence, and make peace with Austria on generous terms which would pave the way to an alliance between the Empire and France. If peace had been concluded according to this plan, the entire history of the nineteenth century would have been changed. But, instead of listening to this advice, Napoleon, within twenty-four hours, prepared and concluded a treaty on his own—the Treaty of Presburg. Marvellous booty, so it seemed. The whole of the north of Italy was to fall into the hands of France, who was to become the heiress of the Most Serene; the house of Austria was expelled from Italy and considerably lessened in Germany. But, in order to assure France these advantages for ten years, Napoleon, with the Treaty of Presburg, let loose that great conflict between France and the Germanic world which is still going on after a hundred and thirty years.

Why did Napoleon not listen to Talleyrand? Because he required a peace which should justify the sacrifices imposed on France for the last two years. Unable to beat England at sea, he thought to give France a primary compensation by conquering Italy. But the sudden upheaval of so large a part of Europe launched him into further responsibilities. From the Treaty of Presburg issued the act of the Confederation of the Rhine, which destroyed the Empire and caused the Prussian War of 1808; the war with Prussia ended in the Treaty of Tilsit, which led Napoleon to the seizure of Spain . . . grand chain. The more the sacrifices of tremendous war increased, the greater the aims to which Napoleon aspired. He began to go as far as dreaming of a new Empire of Charlemagne. But, in order to create, impose, and defend that new Empire, it was necessary to multiply the risks and sacrifices. If the nineteenth century, instead of amusing itself with the history of the Napoleonic wars by turning them into a kind of romantic epic, had devoted a little serious study

to them, in 1914 it would have known the meaning of a great war of reversed justification which, instead of proportioning the sacrifices to the ends, proportions the ends to the sacrifices. The governing élite of Europe in 1914 was completely oblivious to that fact, and let itself be caught up in the toils with incredible facility.

In 1814 and 1815 Europe escaped the most serious consequences of the adventure by a kind of miracle: a sudden reawakening of the wisdom of the eighteenth century. In order to understand that miracle, it is necessary to know the true history of the Congress of Vienna, which yet remains to be written. In 1919 Europe no longer had that unique good fortune. Four great empires had collapsed—Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey; the monarchical system of 1814 was broken; the whole world was thrown into confusion. During the nineteenth century Europe and America had discovered a philosopher's stone, an economic system which permitted of the rapid multiplication of the world's wealth. But that system, in order to function, required that all peoples should grow rich simultaneously; for it is useless to increase production when part of the world is compelled to decrease its consumption more and more.

More serious still, the Western world, in the presence of the immense upheaval caused by the World War, has no longer, as in 1814, a store of wisdom to come to its rescue. In order to get out of the political disorder and combat poverty, it has, up till now, found nothing but more or less futuristic expedients or empiric improvisations which can only make matters worse. That is why it is necessary, as the consequences of the World War wreak more and more havoc on the world, to make an effort to understand the meaning of the events which were being prepared during these particular weeks, twenty years ago.

Twenty Years Ago: War Enthusiasm and War Discourtesy in Berlin.



ON THE DAY BEFORE WAR WAS DECLARED BETWEEN GERMANY AND RUSSIA: THE SCENE OUTSIDE THE IMPERIAL PALACE, BERLIN, WHEN THE KAISER SAID, "THE SWORD IS BEING FORCED INTO OUR HAND" AND ENTHUSIASM RAN WILD.



IN MARKED CONTRAST WITH THE TREATMENT ACCORDED THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR AND THE GERMAN EMBASSY IN LONDON: THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN BERLIN ATTACKED BY A MOB AFTER THE DECLARATION OF WAR BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND GERMANY.



WAR FEVER IN GERMANY: CHEERING THE KAISER OUTSIDE THE IMPERIAL PALACE, BERLIN, AFTER GERMANY HAD DECLARED WAR ON RUSSIA, FOLLOWING THE OUTBREAK BETWEEN AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND SERBIA.



AFTER GERMANY HAD PROCLAIMED WAR AGAINST RUSSIA—AN ACT NECESSARILY FOLLOWED BY WAR WITH FRANCE: CHEERING THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE ON HIS LEAVING THE IMPERIAL PALACE ON AUGUST 1.

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria was murdered at Sarajevo on June 28, 1914. A month later Austria-Hungary declared war against Serbia and Serbia appealed to her ally and protector, Russia. At noon on August 1 a state of war existed between Germany and Russia. On August 3 Germany formally declared war on France, Russia's ally. On August 4 German troops entered Belgium and Great Britain declared war. For the most part, the pictures on this page are

self-explanatory; but attention may be called to the incident shown in one. When the German Ambassador left London there was no demonstration; and the German Embassy was respected. Not so the British Embassy in the Wilhelmstrasse, Berlin. This was mobbed on the night of August 4, and missiles of all sorts were thrown through the windows—stones, keys, knives, sticks, umbrellas! Officially, of course, the British Ambassador received the customary courtesies.

TWENTY YEARS AGO—AUGUST 1914: THE CALM DURING THE GREATEST CRISIS IN OUR COUNTRY'S HISTORY.



THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR IN LONDON SHORTLY BEFORE HE WAS HANDED HIS PASSPORTS; THE DEJECTED PRINCE LICHNOWSKY AS A VISITOR TO THE FOREIGN OFFICE ON AUGUST 3, 1914, THE DAY ON WHICH SIR EDWARD GREY OUTLINED THE BRITISH POLICY WITH REGARD TO SUPPORT FOR FRANCE AND BELGIAN NEUTRALITY.



ROYAL MESSAGES TO THE BRITISH PEOPLE IN THE EARLY DAYS OF AUGUST: READING FOUR PROCLAMATIONS FROM THE STEPS OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, IN THE CITY OF LONDON.



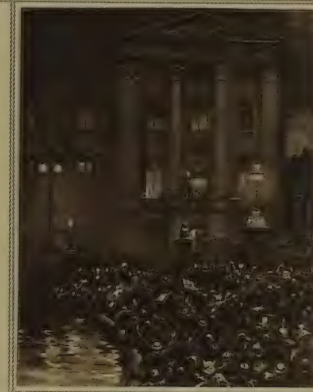
THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR LEAVING LONDON AFTER THE OUTBREAK OF WAR: PRINCE LICHNOWSKY (IN THE CAR) AND PRINCESS LICHNOWSKY ABOUT TO START FOR GERMANY, BY WAY OF HOLLAND; A JOURNEY DURING WHICH BRITISH COURTESIES WERE FREELY EXTENDED TO THEM, INCLUDING A GUARD OF HONOUR.

IN the speech he made last week in Westminster Abbey, when he unveiled Parliament's memorial tablet to Herbert Henry Asquith, Earl of Oxford and Asquith, Prime Minister 1908-16, Mr. Baldwin said: "When this country faced the greatest crisis of her history in 1914, Lord Oxford, a man of peace, but no Little Englander, took a practically united Cabinet, a united country, and a united Empire into the war." That is true; and it is equally true that those who fought for the British Empire during the Great War, and served her in other ways, did so in the spirit that was Mr. Asquith's; they were men and women of peace, but no Little Englanders. For that reason and, it may be, because none then realised that the gladiatorial warfare of the past was to become the warfare of the peoples, there was no "naïfing."

(Continued opposite.)



THE BRITISH FOREIGN MINISTER OUTLINING HIS COUNTRY'S POLICY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, ON MONDAY, AUGUST 3 (BANK HOLIDAY), THE DAY BEFORE GREAT BRITAIN ENTERED THE WAR: SIR EDWARD GREY MAKING HIS MOMENTOUS SPEECH WITH REGARD TO THE SUPPORT OF FRANCE BY THE BRITISH FLEET AND THE QUESTION OF BELGIAN NEUTRALITY—ON MR. EDWARD'S LEFT: MR. LLOYD GEORGE, THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER; MR. ASQUITH, THE PRIME MINISTER; AND MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.



ON THE NIGHT ON WHICH WAR AGAINST GERMANY WAS DECLARED: CROWDS CHEERING THE KING AND QUEEN ON THEIR APPEARANCE ON A BALCONY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON THE FATEFUL AUGUST 4.

excitement in the streets during the hours of tension that preceded the declaration of war against Germany or in the more fateful days that followed. Loyalty and determination to do the right thing, to defend the sanctity of treaties, to uphold the Empire's place in the world: that was the feeling—it was to endure. And there were many who realised the truths in Sir Edward Grey's momentous speech on the third of August: "We have great and vital interests in the independence (of which integrity is the last part) of Belgium. . . . If, in a crisis like this, we ran away from those obligations of honour and interest as regards the Belgian Treaty, I doubt whether, whatever material force we might have at the end, it would be of very much value in face of the respect that we should have lost."



"WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?" A CROWD BY THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AND IN WHITEHALL ON THE AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY (THE 3RD), EAGER TO LEARN THE BRITISH ATTITUDE TOWARDS THE CONTINENTAL POWERS INVOLVED IN THE EUROPEAN CRISIS AS DEFINED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS BY SIR EDWARD GREY ON THAT DAY.



CHEERING THE PRIME MINISTER: A PATRIOTIC DEMONSTRATION BEFORE THE CAR OF MR. ASQUITH, THE LEADER WHO, "A MAN OF PEACE, BUT NO LITTLE ENGLANDER, TOOK A PRACTICALLY UNITED CABINET, A UNITED COUNTRY, AND A UNITED EMPIRE INTO THE WAR."



THE ORDERLY CROWD—UNDEMONSTRATIVE, BUT CURIOUS AND A LITTLE ANXIOUS—WAITING OUTSIDE DOWNING STREET IN THE HOPE OF CATCHING A GLEAMSE OF MINISTERS AND OTHERS CONCERNED IN THE CRISIS: A SCENE TYPICAL OF MANY DURING THE DAYS IN WHICH THE OFFICIAL BRITISH ATTITUDE WAS IN DOUBT.

Twenty Years Ago: Service in Various Forms; Naval, Military, Auxiliary, and "Soldiers' Comforts"-Making.



THE IMMEDIATE RESPONSE TO THE COUNTRY'S CALL TO ARMS: YOUNG MEN BESIEGING THE RECRUITING OFFICES IN WHITEHALL IN THE HOPE OF JOINING LORD KITCHENER'S NEW ARMY OF A HUNDRED THOUSAND.



THE NAVAL MOBILISATION—COMPLETED AT 4 A.M. ON AUGUST 3: SCOTTISH FISHERMEN WHO WERE NAVAL RESERVISTS ON THEIR WAY TO BARRACKS AT PORTSMOUTH IN RESPONSE TO NOTICES.



MAKING CLOTHES AND "COMFORTS" FOR THE TROOPS: AN ACTIVITY TO WHICH WOMEN WERE TO ADD MANY SERVICES—AS MUNITION-MAKERS; AS SUBSTITUTES FOR YOUNG MEN; AS V.A.D.'S; AND AS AUXILIARIES.



TERRITORIALS TRAINING IN FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON: ARTILLERY ACCUSTOMING TO THEIR NEW WORK HORSES DRAWN FROM SUBSIDISED STABLES OR SECURED BY COMPULSORY PURCHASE FROM THE TRADING CONCERNS OWNING THEM.



IN THE EARLY DAYS OF AUGUST: TROOPS RESTING IN WATERLOO STATION WHILE WAITING FOR A SPECIAL TRAIN TO TAKE THEM TO THEIR CAMP FOR FURTHER TRAINING BEFORE THEIR DESPATCH TO THE FRONT FOR ACTIVE SERVICE.



BOY SCOUTS GUARDING A RAILWAY TUNNEL AT ANDOVER: YOUNGSTERS OF AN ORGANISATION WHOSE MEMBERS DID VALUABLE SERVICE—INCLUDING THE CARRYING OF AIR RAID WARNINGS AND THE "ALL CLEAR!"

A note or two may be given with regard to certain of the illustrations on this page.—Immediately after the declaration of war, recruiting was in full swing and the response to the call to arms was splendid. Voluntary enlistment was to continue, indeed, for a long period; until those critical days of early 1916 when necessity—and justice—brought conscription into being.—With regard to the naval mobilisation, it may be said that the response to the calling-up notices issued to

the Immediate Class and Classes "A" and "B" of the Royal Fleet Reserve, the Royal Naval Reserve, including the Trawler Section, Naval and Marine Pensioners, and the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, was so rapid that the entire Navy was on a war-footing early on the morning of August 3.—The Women's Services mentioned worked magnificently as auxiliaries to the Services; with the V.A.D., the W.A.A.C., the W.R.N.S., and the W.R.A.F.



TERRITORIAL HORSE LINES IN THE MOAT OF THE TOWER OF LONDON: AN OUTWARD AND VISIBLE SIGN OF THE ACTIVITIES OF THE GREAT VOLUNTARY FORCE THAT WAS TO PLAY SO GALLANT A PART ON VARIOUS FRONTS.



GRENADIER GUARDS—THE REGIMENT THE PRINCE OF WALES JOINED ON AUGUST 10: THE 2ND BATTALION MARCHING THROUGH LONDON IN WAR KIT, HEADED BY MAJOR E. H. TROTTER, WHO LOST AN ARM IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.



THE 2ND BATTALION OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS MARCHING PAST BUCKINGHAM PALACE WHEN LEAVING FOR ACTIVE SERVICE: THE KING (COLONEL-IN-CHIEF) TAKING THE SALUTE; WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES (SECOND LIEUT., 1ST BATTALION).

Twenty Years Ago: The Navy and the Army Prepare to Play their Parts in the Greatest of Wars.



BIDDING FAREWELL TO THE BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE, THE "OLD CONTEMPTIBLES": "AU REVOIR" TO THE BLACK WATCH AT ALDERSHOT—WHEN MANY THOUGHT THE WAR WOULD BE OVER BY CHRISTMAS!



"THE SURE SHIELD": THE KING (ACCOMPANIED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE DUKE OF YORK; RIGHT BACKGROUND) IN THE "IRON DUKE" DURING THE TEST MOBILISATION OF THE FLEET IN JULY.

There was a test mobilisation of the British Fleet in Home Waters in July 1914, instead of the usual summer manœuvres. The mobilisation of the Navy began on Sunday, August 2, and was completed early on the morning of the following day.—The decision to send the British Expeditionary Force to France was taken on August 5, and by the 18th the first four divisions were across the Channel. The 5th division was landed five days later. Little was it then thought that the war

would not only extend beyond Christmas, but would last for over four tragic years and leave the world in chaos.—As noted above, the Prince of Wales joined the Grenadier Guards on August 10. His courageous career at the front is known to all. Prince Albert (the Duke of York) was then a midshipman in the battle-ship "Collingwood." He served in that ship during the war, and, as a Sub-Lieutenant, he was present at the Battle of Jutland.

Twenty Years Ago: Germans in London; and Runs on Savings Banks in Berlin and Paris.



GERMANS IN LONDON CLAMOURING TO BE RETURNED TO THEIR FATHERLAND: OUTSIDE THE U.S. CONSULATE SOON AFTER THE DECLARATION OF WAR, WHEN A NUMBER OF GERMANS, CHIEFLY RESERVISTS, HAD BEEN ARRESTED.



ALIENS OF GERMAN NATIONALITY ABOUT TO REGISTER: OUTSIDE PADDINGTON GREEN POLICE STATION DURING AUGUST, WHEN THE HOME SECRETARY STATED THAT MOST OF THE GERMANS REMAINING HERE WERE INNOCENT PERSONS.



GERMANS UNDER DETENTION IN THE ANNEXE OF OLYMPIA, LONDON, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE OUTBREAK OF WAR: THE MEN—IN CHARGE OF GUARDSMEN—WHILING AWAY THE TIME WHILE FURTHER INQUIRIES AS TO THEIR CHARACTERS WERE BEING MADE.



MONETARY PANIC IN FRANCE: A RUN ON A SAVINGS BANK IN PARIS, WHERE EXCITEMENT RAN HIGH—A SCENE ALIEN TO THIS COUNTRY, WHERE THE TEMPORARY MONETARY DISTURBANCE CAUSED LITTLE INCONVENIENCE.



MONETARY PANIC IN GERMANY AT THE END OF JULY: A RUN ON A SAVINGS BANK AFTER RELATIONS BETWEEN AUSTRIA-HUNGARY, GERMANY'S ALLY, AND SERBIA HAD BEEN BROKEN OFF; THE PRELUDE TO THE GREAT WAR.

As to the foreigners left in Great Britain at the time of the declaration of war, it may be said that the majority of these, including many of German parentage, were, as the Home Secretary had it, peaceful and innocent persons from whom no danger was to be feared. For all that, every precaution was taken and exhaustive inquiries were made in the case of all Germans. Various alleged spies were arrested out of hand.—With regard to the money question, it may be recalled

that, when the crisis was at its height, the British Government took the necessary precautions to avoid anything like a panic, including the extension of the Bank Holiday (August 3, the day before the declaration of war) by three days. The banks being closed, there was a shortage of ready cash for a while, but that was but a minor inconvenience and did not much concern the majority. In Germany and in France matters were taken less coolly, as our photographs show.



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Gilbert Cowland

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June and Peter Haddon enjoying supper and the cabaret at Ciro's.



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BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



CONCERNING ELEPHANTS: THE MOST REMARKABLE OF LIVING MAMMALS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE news that an African elephant, from the Sudan, has just arrived at the London Zoological Gardens must have been good news to all who are interested in these most remarkable of living animals. To most people an elephant is just an elephant: and what more can be said about it? But there is really a great deal to be said. Had we never seen a living specimen, not even the wisest of us whose business it is to study and make restorations of fossil remains would ever have endowed the skeleton of a fossil elephant with a trunk when, after having put that skeleton together, he endeavoured to clothe it with flesh as in life. The strange jaws, bearing only enormous grinders and a pair of huge tusks, would have proved an insoluble riddle. How could it have obtained its food? How that trunk came into being I have already described on this page, though long ago. To-day I want to say something not of the early forerunners of this giant tribe, but of their later descendants, indubitable elephants, but presenting marked differences in size, the form of the teeth, and other external details.

To-day but two types remain, and their race seems doomed to extinction in the not very distant future. Man, the most destructive of all the beasts of prey, has always been their worst and most dreaded enemy. And the tale of slaughter began with the man of the Stone Age, for whom, since he killed for food, there was some excuse. Till "civilised" man discovered the elephant, the toll on their numbers was negligible. Then came the demand for ivory and the pursuit

is, and always has been, a somewhat sanguinary business. And the pity of it is that there was, and is, no need for this. But the last thing that "education" does is to teach people to think!

And now let me get back to my elephants. There are, as I have said, two distinct types surviving

found in an old river-bed near Upnor, in Kent, and now in the Natural History Museum, stands nearly 13 ft. in height, and it must have exceeded this during life. The record height for the African elephant is 11 ft. 8½ in.

One of the most interesting and most instructive features of elephants concerns their teeth, for here, indeed, we see the effects of use and disuse. For all that remain, in the true elephants, recent and fossil, are two molars and a pair of incisors developed into enormous tusks. In the African elephant the record for length is 11 ft. 5½ in., and for weight, 226 lb. Indian elephants to-day rarely have very large tusks, but the extinct *E. ganesis* had immense tusks projecting 9 ft. 9 in. beyond the sockets.

Their great size is due to their use. The African elephant, for example, is extremely fond of the fruit of the "machabel-tree"—which as yet I have been unable to identify. My old friend, Captain Selous, told me elephants would get their tusks under the roots and lever them up. When sufficiently loosened the head was pressed against the trunk and the body swayed back and forth till at last the whole tree crashed to the ground, when the coveted fruit was picked off. Now, in the mammoth, which apparently by force of circumstances found itself living in treeless tundras, the tusks, from lack of use, should have disappeared. They did nothing of the kind, but grew to an inordinate length, each turning outwards and then inwards in a great sweep till the tips crossed one another, rendering them useless either as digging implements or as weapons of offence. The explanation of this unusual and surprising change is probably that when they ceased to be used they had already acquired a great size, and their weight sustained a constant stimulus to the growing tissue at the base, so that they assumed a hypertrophied condition in consequence.

The mammoth shows another result of its changed environment. The warm sun and the luxuriant forests being now exchanged for treeless tundras and



THE YOUNG AFRICAN ELEPHANT WHICH HAS JUST ARRIVED AT THE LONDON "ZOO": JUMBO II., WITH HIS FOSTER-MOTHER, ONE OF THE MASAI RACE, FROM TANGANYIKA, WHICH HAVE EARS WITH A LONG TERMINAL LAPPET.

Jumbo II., the new baby elephant, was placed on view in the Elephant House at the "Zoo" recently. He has been presented by the Governor of the Sudan. He is a two-year-old, standing 4 ft. high. His youth made it essential to provide him with companionship, and it was decided to introduce him to the other African elephant at the "Zoo"—a female called Hango. Her ears, it will be noted, are of a conspicuously different shape from the youngster's.

to-day—the African and the Indian. Though externally very much alike, when they come to be carefully compared many and quite constant points of differences come to light. The Indian elephant, for example, has an extremely bulbous forehead and relatively small ears; and the African a conspicuously receding forehead and enormous ears, which may measure 5 ft. long and over 3 ft. wide; and two finger-like outgrowths at the end of the trunk instead of only one, as in the Indian elephant. What significance is to be attached to these apparently trivial differences in the trunk we cannot say. Neither, indeed, can we account for the very obvious differences in the general build of the body in the two types. But since the African animal branched off from an ancestor possessing many features in common with the Indian type, we must suppose that what we see to-day are incipient, ancestral characters which have attained to their full development. Once upon a time there were American elephants too, but they are extinct. Why elephants having obtained a footing in America should have become extinct before the advent of man, we do not know.

The ancestor to which I refer was apparently derived from the extinct "Straight-tusked" elephant (*Elephas antiquus*), which once roamed over the more southern parts of Great Britain. This was a huge beast, far exceeding the biggest African elephant of to-day. The skeleton of the great "Upnor elephant,"



THE INDIAN ELEPHANT: A COW AND HER OFFSPRING IN THE BERLIN "ZOO"; SHOWING THE HIGH DOMED FOREHEAD AND THE ARCHED BACK, FEATURES WHICH ARE IN CONTRAST TO THOSE FOUND IN THE AFRICAN SPECIES.

Photograph by Courtesy of Dr. Heck, Director, Zoological Gardens, Berlin.

intense cold for the greater part of the year, developed a long coat of shaggy hair. The woolly rhinoceros did the same and for the same reason. Both lived in Great Britain during glacial times. But earlier, a huge elephant—*Elephas meridionalis*—lived in England. Old bulls must have stood 15 ft. high, thus considerably exceeding the Upnor elephant already referred to.

Into the history of the elephants of our islands which lived here millions of years ago, I cannot now enter for lack of space. Suffice it to say that these were all more nearly related to the Indian elephant of to-day than to the African species. This fact is most apparent in their huge molars. I should also have liked to say something of the so-called dwarf race of African elephants, and the indubitable dwarfs, long since extinct, of Malta, Crete, and Cyprus; and of the causes of this dwarfing. This, however, will make an interesting story for another occasion.



A YOUNG MALAYAN ELEPHANT: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE THICK COVERING OF HAIR WHICH SPECIALLY DISTINGUISHES THE MALAYAN RACE—THOUGH ALL ELEPHANTS HAVE SOMEWHAT HAIRY SKINS WHEN VERY YOUNG.

of elephants for commercial ends. Added to the levy of the professional hunter, we have to consider that of those who hunted—and still hunt—elephants for "sport" or in the interests of the "march of civilisation," which has always left a trail of destruction behind it. Our slogan seems to be: "If we want to be 'civilised,' we must be savages." "Progress"

OLD MASTERS IN THE OLD JUDGES' LODGINGS AT YORK: A NOTABLE YORKSHIRE LOAN EXHIBITION OF PICTURES.

PICTURES REPRODUCED BY COURTESY

OF THE OWNERS. (COPYRIGHTS RESERVED.)



"THREE HORSES AND A GROOM."—BY GEORGE STUBBS, R.A. (1724—1806).
Lent by Earl Fitzwilliam.



"BROOD MARES AND FOALS."—BY GEORGE STUBBS, R.A.
Lent by Earl Fitzwilliam.

THE Yorkshire Loan Exhibition of Pictures is being held at the Judges' Lodgings, Lendal, York, from July 24 to August 8, in aid of the Building Fund of the York County Hospital. It contains a number of paintings of the first interest, and does the greatest credit to its organisers. Above everything, it testifies to the singular wealth of artistic treasures to be found in this one English county, for all the works are lent by Yorkshire owners. George Stubbs's "Brood Mares and Foals" is considered by many to be the finest picture this artist painted; blending, as it does, a wonderful knowledge of equine anatomy, a genuine sentiment, and a brilliant

[Continued opposite.



"FREDERICK, FIFTH EARL OF CARLISLE, WITH HIS FAMILY IN PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN."—BY FRANCIS WHEATLEY, R.A. (1747—1801).
Lent by the Hon. Geoffrey Howard.



"BAY MALTON, WITH SINGLETON UP."—BY GEORGE STUBBS, R.A.
Lent by Earl Fitzwilliam.



"THE KICKING HORSE."—BY PHILIP WOUVERMAN (1610—1668)
Lent by Sir Geoffrey Macdonald of the Isles, Bt.



"HUNTING SCENE."—BY JOHN FERNELEY (1781—1860).
Lent by Sir Geoffrey Macdonald of the Isles, Bt.

Lieutenant of Ireland from 1780 to 1782. The picture is signed and is dated 1781. The hunting scene by Ferneley shows Tom Hodgson on his black horse, Comical, Alexander W. R. Beville dismounted, with Andante and Will Danby on Paddy, accompanied by hounds. The Turner, it will be seen, is a very fine example of this artist's work; while it has much in it that is reminiscent of Cyp. It was painted in 1818 for Turner's great Yorkshire friend and patron, Walter Fawkes, and has lately been cleaned with conspicuous success. Lawrence's portrait of Lady Theodosia



"THE DORY PACKET."—BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. (1775—1851).
Lent by Major F. H. Faucher.

design. The ground and the background, it should be observed, are rendered in a uniform tone of olive green. The picture of the fifth Earl of Carlisle and his family in Phoenix Park has much that resembles the work of Stubbs about it; but a kind

[Continued on right.



"THE SECOND BARON MULGRAVE ON A POLAR EXPEDITION."—BY JOHANN ZOFFANY, R.A. (1733—1810).
Lent by the Marchioness of Normandy.

of lyric delight in the passing moment seems to have been infused into it, as though the painter, Francis Wheatley, was participating to the full in the agreeable consciousness of some exceptionally fortunate human beings. Lord Carlisle was Lord

[Continued below on left.



"LADY THEODOSIA VYNER."—BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A. (1769—1830).
Lent by Capt. Edward Compton.

Vyner is an early work which was exhibited at the Academy in 1791, when the artist was only twenty-two. Finally, the wonderful full-length picture of the Magdalen, in a red robe, in contemplation at the foot of the Cross, has been traditionally attributed to Velasquez. Failing that, the names of various seventeenth-century Dutch masters have been suggested, but none has found general acceptance. This, with a number of other notable Dutch paintings, is exhibited in a separate room at the Judges' Lodgings.



"THE MAGDALEN IN CONTEMPLATION."—DUTCH SCHOOL; SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.
Lent by Major F. H. Faucher.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

"WINGED VICTORY," by V. M. Yeates, easily heads the list of novels to be noted this month. If an intimate opinion on it is wanted, it can be had from any airman who has served on the Western Front. He will tell you how true to life is the young man in a fighting squadron, the young man who shared in the mastery of the air in 1918, and witnessed, week in, week out, a bloody price being paid for victory by his friends. The story of Tom Cundall glazes nothing and conceals nothing; it has a Pepsian frankness. The light it throws on one significant fact—the heavy death-roll of the inexperienced—ought to impress those who innocently believe civil flying to be a sufficient preparation for active service, and who assume we need not worry about providing war planes or training war pilots until hostilities are forced upon us.

The book tempts one to quote from almost every page. There are magnificent passages describing the grandeur of the world above the clouds. They reveal Mr. Yeates as an artist in words. He is equally good when he comes to earth and ranges from the arguments at mess to the insomniac horrors of Tom, strained at last to the verge of breakdown. A more comprehensive view of the British airmen and their mentality it is impossible to conceive. Their peculiar humour comes

through with pungent effect, the dry under-statement that deals all the more convincingly with grim occasions because it shuts the door on heroics. It is the manner of speech of the English, you will remember, that struck André Maurois; but few writers have reproduced it as literally as Mr. Yeates. These flying men of his, in their attitude towards the war business, are very closely akin to the young naval officers who faced equal but unlike hazards in submarines and destroyers. But that is another story. We hope everybody will read "Winged Victory," a mighty book.

For sheer amusement, and facility in turning "uplift" into copy with the utmost good nature, "Going Abroad," by Rose Macaulay, bears away the palm. The people to whom it is dedicated, who asked her to write them a novel of unredeemed levity, knew what they were about. She has written it round the enthusiasms of the Oxford Group and the predatory career of a pair of beauty specialists, two types of contemporary workers in the world's wide field that are as far apart as they can be. She knits—or, rather, knots—them close together, much too close for their comfort, in the Basque country, where they are carried off to the mountains by peasant kidnappers. Whether the characters have "gone all Grouchy," as one girl puts it, or whether they are unregenerate, the adventure is a test of their allegiances. This is a very delightful novel, and with "They Were Defeated" fresh in mind, it stimulates one's admiration for Miss Macaulay's versatile genius. "Concert Pitch," by Theodora Benson, is not less witty and not less good-humoured in dealing with the music-hall professionals. What Miss Benson does to perfection is to appraise the lives of her men and women at their genuine value. She takes the true measure of the kindness, the intrinsic goodness, of people whom rigid moralists would condemn. Valentine Mellon, a creature of impulse, has her married happiness wrecked by a malicious little chorus girl, and not only that; her career as a star is wrecked, too. Yet she is never vindictive, and never ungenerous. It is the butterflies of a short, uncertain season (they work hard enough for their living, these artists) who flutter through "Concert Pitch." The honey and the last unseeing dash into the candle-flame are both discernible in Valentine's pathetic story. In Barbara Goolden's "Slings and

Arrows," Phyllida is the butterfly, a connoisseur in honey, with Miss Goolden as the avid collector on her airy track. Phyllida is a fascinating and unscrupulous young woman, and she scorches her wings in the dangerous fire of love. She is utterly self-absorbed, and retribution descends when she humiliates herself in her surrender to the wider appeal of sex. Inset into the tale of her mischief and its frustration is a remarkable little study of Susan, her baby, already the complete egoist in miniature. Susan rounds off an excellent modern novel with precision.

The next three books have a simpler way with them. Compton Mackenzie deserting Highland extravaganzas for

out, and her village neighbours are very neatly drawn: "Ann and Aurelia," by Adrian Alington, has something of the flavour of "The Old Wives' Tale." It begins with the two girls living next door to each other in a provincial town, and it follows the fortunes of the gentle Aurelia, who unluckily married a drunkard, and the rampageous Ann, who went on the stage and was quite a theatrical idol at first, but ran properly to seed later on. It takes an inspired story-teller to keep the ball rolling in a long, leisurely novel of this kind, and Adrian Alington is to be congratulated on having achieved it.

"The Captain Hates the Sea," by Wallace Smith, and "India's Coral Strand," by Richard Oke, are powerfully individual books. Each author works on an original line. Wallace Smith hurtles about, throwing vivid scenes and characters on to the page. He gets his effects with a splash here, a jerk there; if he shocks you, that is due to your limitations and not to any faulty handling of his human material, for he never fails to hit the mark. A ship is lying in San Pedro harbour. She is the *San Caprador*, a cargo-boat carrying passengers. The steward and the bar-tender are conspicuous, and remain so. The mixed brew of passengers is decanted on the deck; it takes all sorts to fill the cabins of a trader running in and out of Central American ports. The ship proceeds on her voyage, and presently a girl of no account, deported from the American zone, is pushed on board, and everybody is in a ferment. She commits suicide, and the scene flares up, with each character diversely affected by the sudden impact of tragedy. Altogether, "The Captain Hates the Sea" is a remarkable book.

"India's Coral Strand" has nothing to do with India's coral strand as hymned by the Bishop. It is the uncanny history of Mrs. Yarlove, who was translated to another age and place while her Victorian body lay in a trance, shown for so much a head to the curious by her insensitive family. Mrs. Yarlove was far away in a tropical wonderland, being accepted as the mother-goddess of the Copper-skinned, who wore feather mantles and offered chickens' hearts upon her altar. She was a meddlesome person of narrow views, and she sets herself to mould the Copper-skinned to her standard of civilisation. But she was no goddess, and certain keen intelligences found it out, so that an awful fate descended upon her. And there Mr. Oke leaves us, to ponder upon goddesses, and to be alternately attracted and repulsed by the vibrations of his very queer story.

The problem in Robert Hichens' "The Power to Kill" is whether Clarence Van Drinen would murder a woman who had tried to murder him, or if he would weakly allow her to subjugate him, body and soul. He undoubtedly toyed with the notion of every man having the power to kill that had come up in an after-dinner conversation. It was not put to him that the power is limited by the difficulty of escaping the consequences. Clarence, with Mrs. McGarron after him, was in a sinister situation. Who can control a viciously hysterical woman? The extreme

example of her in real life is Mrs. Thompson, of the Bywater case. Mr. Hichens works out his plot dramatically, and it is not for us to give it away.

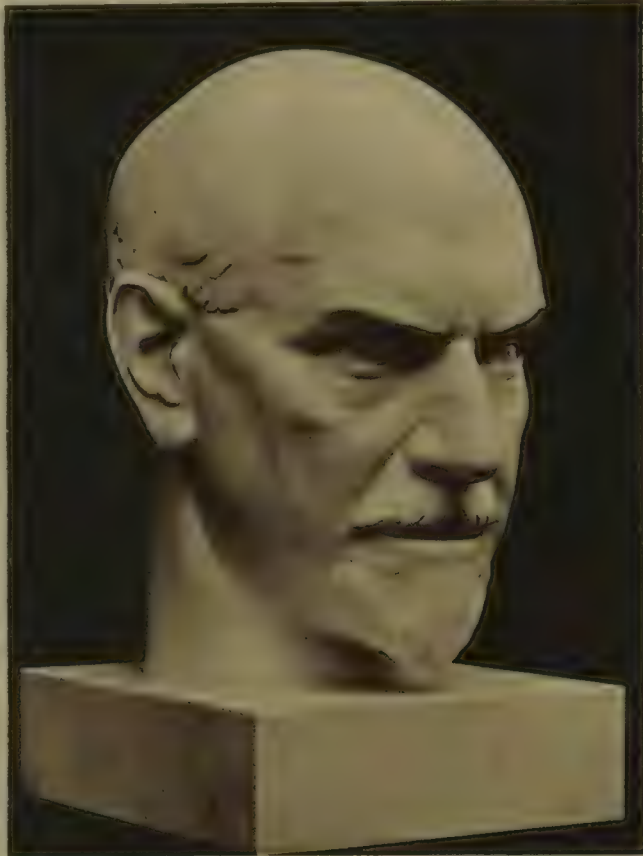
Here are three detective books by popular authors. "The Chinese Orange Mystery," by Ellery Queen, fairly creaks with elaborate machinations. The mystery is unfathomable because it is based on an incredibly ingenious murder, and on Mr. Ellery Queen's incredible brilliance in ferreting out the criminal. The bright young things in "Desire to Kill," who revelled at a drug party in Paris with tragic results, are lifelike, and the death of Doris Quarles is good sensation; but the book as a whole is not Alice Campbell at her best. "The Listerdale Mystery," by Agatha Christie, is a collection of short stories. Unfortunately, the disconnected short story is not Mrs. Christie's *métier*. The only one that does justice to her reputation in this volume is "Philomel Cottage," where a fine thrill is to be had from the intended victim's agony of apprehension while the preparations for her violent end were being made before her eyes.



A MODEL OF COLUMBUS'S FLAG-SHIP, THE "SANTA MARIA," AS A MONKEY-CAGE!—A CONCRETE STRUCTURE (ONE-THIRD THE SIZE OF THE ORIGINAL VESSEL) IN A PARK AT EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.

A correspondent notes: "What is probably the most remarkable monkey-cage in existence is this concrete ship in a park at Evansville, Indiana. The vessel, a model of Columbus's flag-ship, the 'Santa Maria,' is one-third the size of the original."

the mild Diamond Jubilee loyalties is a pleasant surprise. "The Darkening Green" is rambling and peaceful, an excursion into the Hampshire-Sussex borderland before the petrol-pump and the bungalow colony settled upon it. Mr. Mackenzie does us a handsome service by recapturing the beauty of southern England in the 'nineties. The ancients in their smock-frocks are puzzling. Smock-frocks were still about in 1897, but surely not in such numbers that the gaffers on the green looked like a fleet of luggers. The doctor, the old ladies, and the farmer and his mad wife are clear-cut figures, seen as they are through the eyes of a schoolboy in the country holidays that were to him an inexhaustible delight. In those good days it was easier to enjoy the simple life than Helen Dart found it in "Open the Cage." Sybil Fountain's novel has an obvious moral: "Don't marry a Philistine poor man and go to live in the country if you are a painter of merit." Helen's life was everything the creative artist's life ought not to be. She was an execrable housewife, and—with the best intentions—an incompetent mother. The Provincial Lady would have hailed her as a kindred spirit. Her talent was rescued from extinction in the nick of time by a kind American lady who bought some of her neglected pictures, and set her on the way to a good nurse for the children and a servant living in. Her story is very well told. You may despise Helen's muddled housekeeping, but her charm comes



A GREAT ITALIAN DRAMATIST IN SCULPTURE: A MARBLE HEAD OF LUIGI PIRANDELLO, BY THE MILANESE SCULPTOR WERTHER SEVER, EXHIBITED AT THE ART EXHIBITION AT VENICE.

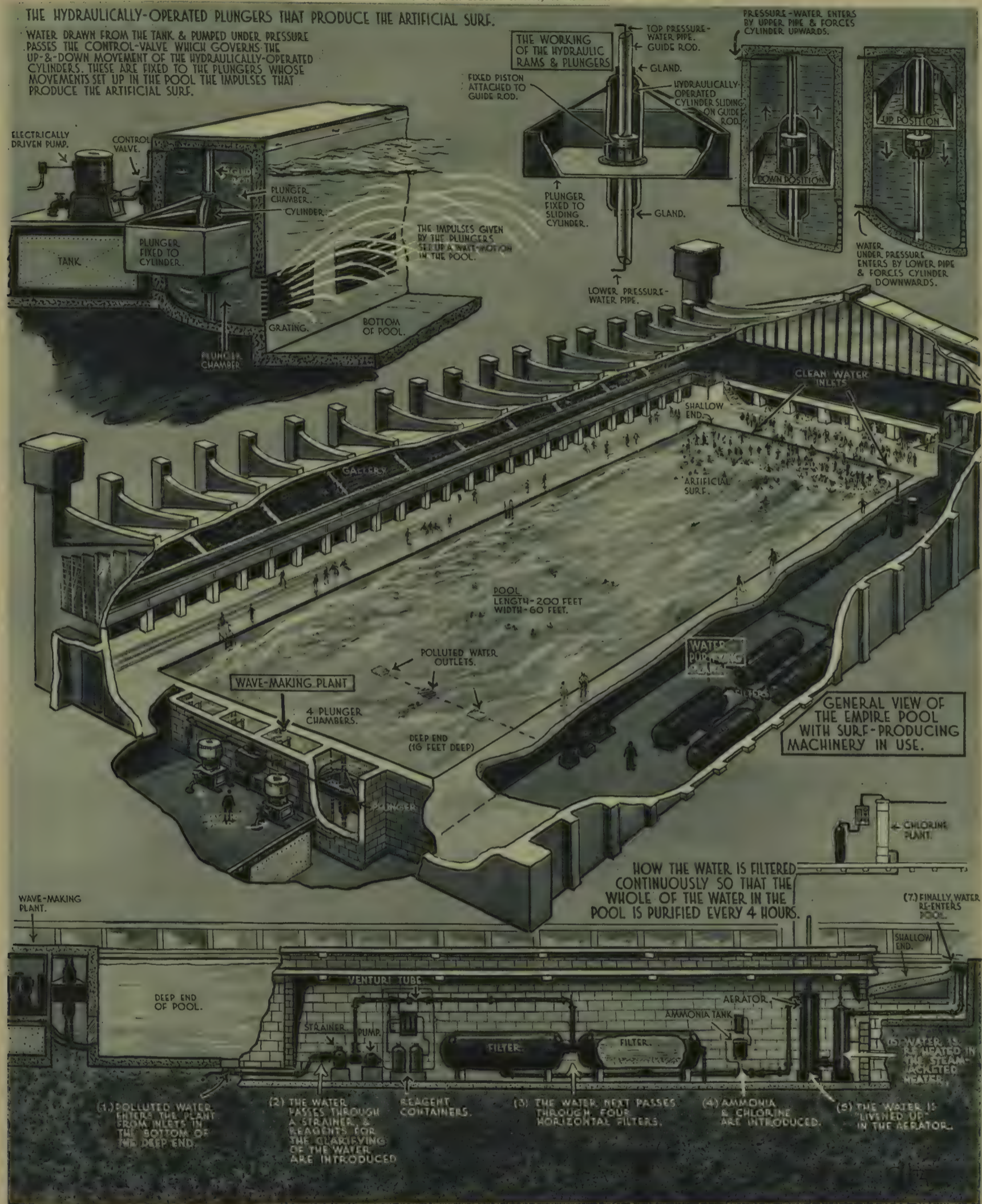
Signor Luigi Pirandello, who wrote "Six Characters in Search of an Author" and other well-known plays, has arranged to visit England to direct the production of his play "The Life I Gave Him," which is to be presented at the Little Theatre in the autumn. The English version is by Clifford Bax. The play was written for Eleonora Duse, who was rehearsing it just before her death.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- Winged Victory. By V. M. Yeates. (Cape; 10s. 6d.)
 Going Abroad. By Rose Macaulay. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
 Concert Pitch. By Theodora Benson. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
 Slings and Arrows. By Barbara Goolden. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)
 The Darkening Green. By Compton Mackenzie. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)
 Open the Cage. By Sybil Fountain. (Howe; 7s. 6d.)
 Ann and Aurelia. By Adrian Alington. (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.)
 The Captain Hates the Sea. By Wallace Smith. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
 India's Coral Strand. By Richard Oke. (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.)
 The Power to Kill. By Robert Hichens. (Benn; 7s. 6d.)
 The Chinese Orange Mystery. By Ellery Queen. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
 Desire to Kill. By Alice Campbell. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
 The Listerdale Mystery. By Agatha Christie. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

SURF-BATHING IN A LONDON SUBURB: THE WEMBLEY SWIMMING-POOL.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.



THE PLANT THAT HAS BROUGHT BREAKING WAVES TO WEMBLEY—AND WATER CONTINUOUSLY PURIFIED: AMENITIES OF THE EMPIRE SWIMMING-POOL AT WEMBLEY STADIUM—THE SCENE OF EMPIRE GAMES.

The great Empire Swimming-Pool at Wembley Stadium was opened by the Duke of Gloucester on July 25 and made available to the public on and from July 28. The Empire Games swimming and diving events will be held in it on August 8, 9 and 10. For surf-bathing there is installed a special plant, the first of its kind in England, housed behind the wall at the deep end. It consists of four hydraulically operated plungers that move up and down in their chambers, and, by way of gratings, send out a wave motion to the main pool. The impulses given by the plungers have an accumulative effect on the water in the pool, building up waves which increase in size until, at the shelving shallow end, bathers may enjoy all the fun and exhilaration of surf-bathing, the size of the

waves being regulated by the speed and length of stroke of the plungers. The plant was designed and installed by the Paterson Engineering Company, of Kingsway, London, W.C.2. There is also a very elaborate and efficient system of filtration which continuously filters the water so that all the water in the pool (700,000 gallons) is purified every four hours. The polluted water is drawn off through outlets in the bottom of the deep end, and, having passed through strainers and received doses of alumina and soda to clarify it, goes through four horizontal filters. After the filtration process the water is dosed with chlorine and ammonia, is re-heated, and passes back into the bath at the shallow end, returning so pure and clear that it would be suitable for drinking.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: EVENTS AND PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.



MAKER OF A NEW GLIDING DISTANCE RECORD: HERR HEINI DITTMAR AFTER HIS 235-MILES FLIGHT.

The fifteenth annual German gliding competitions—held on the Wasserkuppe, in the Rhön Hills—were made notable by some record-breaking flights. The world's long-distance record for motorless flights, set up by Herr Wolfgang Hirth only a day before, was broken by Herr Heini Dittmar, aged twenty-three, of Darm-



CREATOR OF THE GLIDING RECORD DITTMAR BROKE: HERR WOLFGANG HIRTH AVERAGING 40 M.P.H. OVER 212 MILES, IN A GLIDER FLIGHT.

stadt. Leaving the Wasserkuppe at 11.30 a.m. on July 27, he reached Liban, in Czechoslovakia, 235 miles distant, at 6.30 p.m. It was his first flight on a new type of glider, called the Fainir No. 2. At this year's gliding competition at the Wasserkuppe the highest prize of 7500 marks was offered for a community flight of three gliders from the Wasserkuppe to a fixed destination and back.



THE AMERICAN STRATOSPHERE ADVENTURE: THE THREE BALLOONISTS, WITH THEIR SPHERICAL STEEL GONDOLA.

On July 28, Captain Stevens, Major Kepner, and Captain Anderson (U.S. Army; l. to r.) ascended to 60,000 ft. into the stratosphere over North Dakota, in a spherical metal gondola suspended from the largest balloon ever made. Their balloon was damaged and eventually they landed by parachute.



VICTORIOUS IN THE RUSHCLIFFE BY-ELECTION: MR. R. ASSHETON, THE NATIONAL UNIONIST CANDIDATE.

Mr. Assheton headed the poll in the Rushcliffe by-election caused by the retirement of Sir Henry Betterton on the latter's appointment as Chairman of the Unemployment Assistance Board. Mr. Assheton obtained a majority of 4293 over the Labour candidate. Sir Henry Betterton's majority in 1929 was 3076.



DR. NORWOOD CONCLUDES HIS PERIOD OF SERVICE AT HARROW: BOYS CHEERING THEIR RETIRING HEADMASTER AND MRS. NORWOOD, AFTER EVENING CHAPEL.

Dr. Norwood, appointed Headmaster of Harrow in 1926, concluded his service there on July 30—having been elected President of St. John's College, Oxford. After the evening service on July 29, at which Dr. Norwood was the preacher, the boys, Old Harrovians, and masters lined the roadway and cheered Dr. and Mrs. Norwood as they walked from the chapel to the Headmaster's House. Dr. and Mrs. Norwood came out on to the balcony, and the Headmaster made a short speech of thanks.



THE BRITISH DAVIS CUP TEAM, WHICH RETAINED THE CUP: H. G. N. LEE, H. W. AUSTIN, F. J. PERRY AND G. P. HUGHES. (L. TO R.)

Britain's lead in the Davis Cup final v. U.S.A. at Wimbledon (Austin having beaten Shields, and Perry having beaten Wood) was reduced to two matches to one on July 30 by the victory of Stoefen and Lott over Hughes and Lee. On July 31 Perry met Shields in the singles. In spite of a torn back muscle, Perry won 6-4, 4-6, 6-2, 15-13. England thus made sure of retaining the Davis Cup.



A SHIP JUST BUILT AT GLASGOW: THE "JAMAICA PRODUCER," RECENTLY ADDED TO THE JAMAICA BANANA PRODUCERS' FLEET.

At a time when the British shipping industry is sadly depressed, it is encouraging to record the launching of a fine new ship. The "Jamaica Producer" is the latest addition to the fast passenger-carrying fleet of the Jamaica Banana Producers' Steamship Co. She was built and engined at Glasgow.



A NEW ROAD PROTECTED FROM "RIBBON-DEVELOPMENT": THE GUILDFORD AND GODALMING BY-PASS, WHERE THE GUILDFORD-FARNHAM ROAD GOES OVER IT.

Mr. Hore-Belisha, the Minister of Transport, opened the new Guildford and Godalming by-pass road on July 27, by cutting a tape at Fowe Hatch, Milford. In his speech, he alluded to the fact that ribbon-development on the by-pass would be prevented. "The Surrey County Council," he said, "have obtained from Parliament special powers to control frontage development."

PEOPLE AND OCCASIONS: PICTORIAL NEWS FROM ABROAD.



THE BELFRY OF YPRES RISES AGAIN AFTER ITS DESTRUCTION TWENTY YEARS AGO:
A HISTORICAL PROCESSION AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW BUILDING.

The city of Ypres was in full rejoicing on July 29, when King Leopold inaugurated the new belfry. It has been reconstructed partly of stones from the old belfry, which the German bombardment reduced to ruins, and partly of modern stones. On the previous night the population had enthusiastically welcomed the Giant Goliath, an ancient statue also destroyed during the war, and now, like the belfry, reconstructed. Our photograph shows engines of war captured by the Yprois in 1383 passing in the historical procession.



THE SIXTH CENTENARY OF GIOTTO'S CAMPANILE: ONE OF THE GLORIES OF FLORENCE
CELEBRATES A HISTORIC ANNIVERSARY.

On July 18, 1334, was laid the foundation-stone of Giotto's Campanile at Florence, its very deep foundations having been prepared with special care. Although the city already had a campanile in good order, the authorities yielded to Giotto's insistence and allowed the building of the new one. Giotto, who was sixty-eight at the time, died in 1336, and saw only the beginnings of his tower. The work was not completed till 1387.



THE DEATH OF
THE VIRTUAL
CREATOR OF
FRANCE'S GREAT
NORTH AFRICAN
DEPENDENCY:
THE LATE
MARSHAL
LYAUTEY—
A PORTRAIT BY
DE LASZLO.

Marshal Lyautey died on July 27, aged seventy-nine. He had his first experience of colonial administration while serving under Gallieni in Indo-China and Madagascar. In 1907 he was placed in command of the Oran Division, and was forthwith charged with a special mission in the Casablanca region in Western Morocco, and subsequently took part in a number of punitive expeditions. He was appointed High Commissioner for Morocco and governed with conspicuous ability, and had to be recalled from command of an Army Corps in France (which he was given in 1910) to deal with disturbances and continue his great work. During the war, in spite of the ruthless reduction of his forces, and the efforts of Germany to create disturbances, he refused to evacuate any part of Morocco already held. In 1916 he became War Minister at Paris, but resigned in 1917 and returned to Morocco. After the war he completed the pacification of the now vast territories under French protection, and saw Morocco through the Riff troubles. He retired in 1925.

Reproduced from the Portrait by P. A. de Laszlo, M.V.O.; by Courtesy of the Artist.

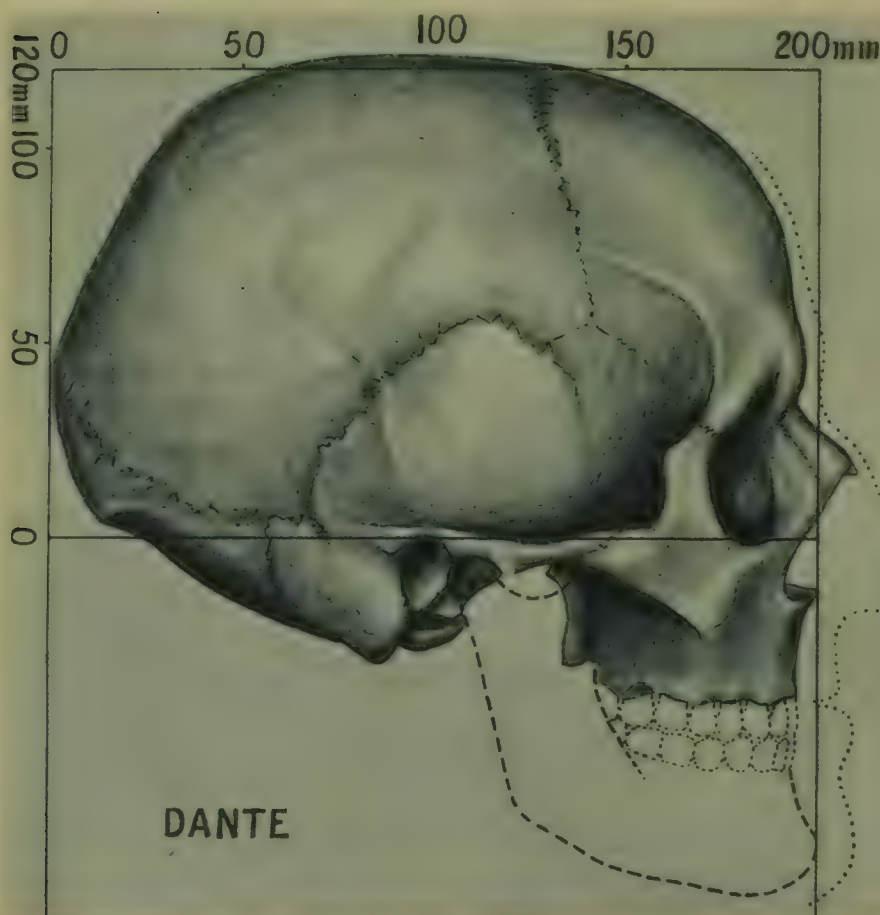


THE DEATH OF A GREAT FILM-ACTRESS—ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR IN THE
WORLD: THE LATE MISS MARIE DRESSLER.

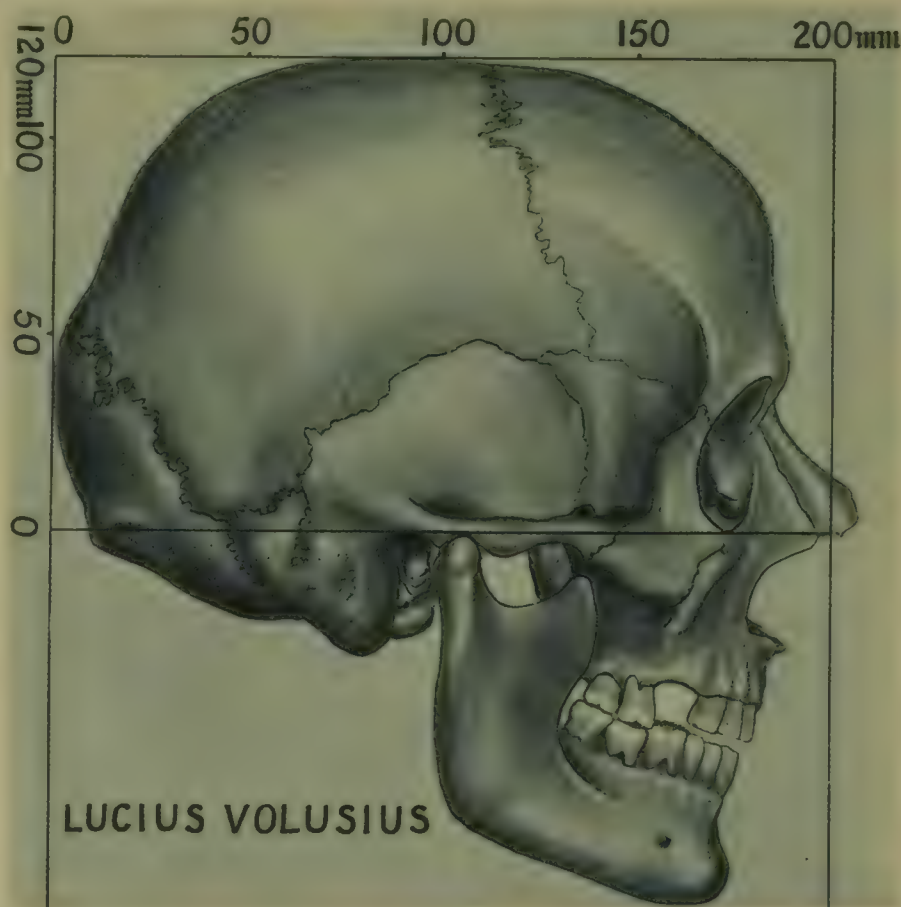
Miss Marie Dressler died on July 29, aged sixty-four. She was born in Canada. At the age of thirteen she joined a theatrical touring company, and rose to be a musical-comedy star, earning what was then a record salary at the Palace, in London, in 1907. Later she acted in films. After a period of obscurity she made a wonderful post-war "come-back" in "Anna Christie" with Greta Garbo. Her subsequent triumphs included "Min and Bill," "Emma," and "Tugboat Annie."

DANTE'S "ETRUSCAN" SKULL: KEITH ON RECENT INVESTIGATIONS.

DRAWINGS BY PROFESSOR FABIO FRASSETTO; PORTRAIT REPRODUCED FROM HIS "DANTIS OSSA." ARTICLE BY SIR ARTHUR KEITH.



1. DANTE'S "ETRUSCAN" TYPE OF SKULL—A DRAWING OF IT SEEN IN TRUE PROFILE; MADE RECENTLY BY PROFESSOR FRASSETTO: A POWERFUL AND NOBLE HEAD; THE BRAIN-CONTAINING PART, SET IN A FRAMEWORK OF LINES, BEING REMARKABLE FOR ITS SIZE, AND THE BONY PARTS OF THE NOSE LARGE. (HALF NATURAL SIZE.)



2. A CORRESPONDING DRAWING FOR COMPARISON WITH DANTE'S SKULL: THE SKULL OF LUCIUS VOLUSIUS SECUNDUS, A SECOND-CENTURY ROMAN OF ETRUSCAN TYPE—ITS OUTLINE SIMILAR TO THAT OF DANTE, SAVE THAT THE ROMAN HAS AN ALMOST PATHOLOGICALLY PRONOUNCED NOSE. (HALF NATURAL SIZE.)

LAST YEAR, my friend Signor Fabio Frassetto, Professor of Anthropology in the University of Bologna, after devoting thirteen years to a study of the portraits, masks, and "remains" of Dante (including the poet's skull), published the results of his labours in a handsome monograph (¹). Professor Frassetto was one of the anthropologists invited to examine Dante's skull and skeleton when they were temporarily uncovered in 1921. The poet's bones are preserved in Ravenna, where he died in 1321, at the age of fifty-six. Having completed his part of the official report (²), my friend resolved to extend his enquiries, in the hope of being able to give even a fuller and more authentic picture of the poet than that which we owe to Holbrook (³). His hope has been fulfilled. It was fortunate that Professor Frassetto had made a study of skulls from Etruscan tombs, for amongst the ancient Etruscan inhabitants of Italy he found occasionally a type of man with exceptional features, the head being large and long, the nose pronounced, and the face modelled on strong lines. That this exceptional type of man continued to reappear amongst the Romans may be seen from an exact drawing here reproduced of the skull of Lucius Volusius Secundus (Fig. 2)—preserved in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, London. His skull was found in a tile tomb in the Via Appia, 4½ miles from Rome, in 1854; Lucius had been buried with a coin of the second century A.D. in his mouth. Side by side with the skull of Lucius is reproduced a photograph of the skull of Dante (Fig. 1)—an Italian—or should I say an Etruscan?—born in Florence in the year 1265 A.D. The brain-containing part of both skulls is enclosed in a framework of lines which is 120 mm. high. In the case of Lucius, the vault of the skull rises to this upper level, while in the case of Dante it rises well above this upper limit. In the average European male the cranial vault falls 5 mm. short of the 120 mm. level. Both Dante and Lucius had exceptionally high skulls; both also had a length beyond the average—that of Dante being 193 mm. (7·6 in.), and that of Lucius 190 mm. (7·5 in.). Both are also wide—that of Dante being 146 mm., and that of Lucius only one millimetre less. Thus both men had large brains, that of Dante being estimated to have had a volume of 1700 c.c.—this amount being 250 c.c. more than is usually given to European males. It is also important to note that the outline of both skulls, as seen in profile,

is very similar, and that in both cases the skull is known technically as "long" or "dolichocephalic," the width being slightly more than 75 per cent. of the length. Because of his "long-headedness" and also on account of his dark complexion, his black hair, and medium stature (5 ft. 5 in.), Dante is assigned by Professor Frassetto to the Mediterranean race or type. The poet was not only an exceptionally gifted member of this race, but was also marked off from his fellows by the nobility of his physical characterisation. In all the traditional representations of Dante—the fresco ascribed to a contemporary artist, Giotto (Fig. 3), the various miniatures, masks and busts, including that preserved in the Museum of Naples (Fig. 4)—the poet is given a prominent aquiline nose. This is in keeping with the evidence of the skull, in which the bony parts of the nose are exceptionally developed. Many Etruscan skulls show an equal development of the bony nasal parts; in Lucius Volusius Secundus the nasal development is almost pathological in its extent. Amongst the Ancient Romans men with exceptionally prominent noses were not uncommon. Such noses are not met with amongst the prehistoric British until after the landing of the Roman legions. The Roman as well as the Semitic form of nose are amongst the latest of human acquisitions and are supposed to have made their evolutionary appearance amongst the peoples of south-west Asia. There is a tradition that the Etruscans came originally from Asia Minor. However this may be, there is no doubt that Dante had a prominent aquiline narrow nose; it was also asymmetrical, being turned 8 deg. to the right—away from the mid-line of the face. Indeed, the right and left halves of his head as well as of his face show a high degree of asymmetry. Asymmetry is a mark of higher evolution, so far as humanity is concerned. In all representations, Dante is given a peculiarly short upper lip (Figs. 3 and 4). As seen in profile, the upper lip appears as if tucked upwards, behind the overhanging nasal tip. Further, that part of the palate which lies behind the upper lip is narrow and prominent. Professor Frassetto found that Dante had lost his upper incisor teeth in boyhood—very likely the result of an accident. This serves to explain the peculiar conformation of his upper lip. Moreover, Dante's palate was abnormally small and narrow. Thus the poet manifested in his body a combination of structural parts which appears to be becoming

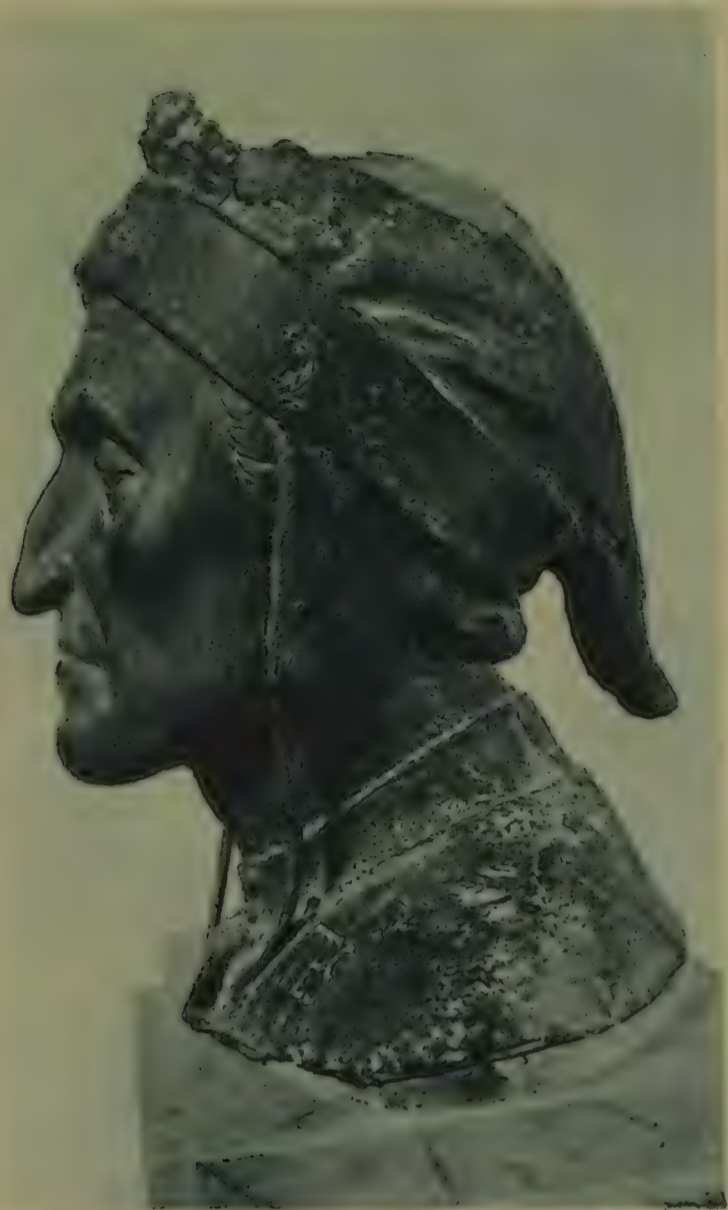
(Continued opposite.)



3. THE PROFILE OF DANTE AS A YOUNG MAN: A CONTEMPORARY PORTRAIT ATTRIBUTED TO GIOTTO AND ACCEPTED AS THE MOST RELIABLE PORTRAIT OF THE POET—FROM A FRESCO WHICH WAS PRESERVED IN THE CHAPEL OF THE BARGELLO, FLORENCE.

THE ACCURACY OF DANTE'S PORTRAITS: A COMPARISON WITH THE SKULL.

REPRODUCTIONS FROM "DANTIS OSSA," BY PROFESSOR FABIO FRASSETTO. ARTICLE BY SIR ARTHUR KEITH.



4. THE PROFILE OF DANTE AS REPRESENTED IN THE BRONZE BUST PRESERVED IN THE MUSEUM OF NAPLES: A PORTRAIT REGARDED AS THE MOST ARTISTIC REPRESENTATION OF DANTE IN HIS FULL MATURITY.



5. PROOF THAT DANTE'S FOREHEAD WAS FULLER AND MORE UPRIGHT THAN IS REPRESENTED IN THE NAPLES BUST: AN OUTLINE OF THE SKULL SUPERIMPOSED BY PROFESSOR FRASSETTO.

of the face. In Professor Frassetto's opinion, the sculptor who has succeeded in giving the most faithful rendering of the features of Dante is Vincenzo Vela (1820-1891), whose bust of the poet is preserved in the Museum of Modern Art, Turin. The profile of this bust is reproduced in Fig. 6. How well the outline of the skull fits within this bust will be seen in Fig. 7. It is worthy of note that the sculptor obtained no aid from the skull itself, for his work was done before the discovery of Dante's bones in 1865. The sculptor apparently presumed that the poet, having been endowed with exceptional gifts of intellect, must have had an ample forehead. Although the sculptor in Dante's case guessed rightly, yet modern enquiry has failed to find that size of forehead gives any reliable indication of a man's or woman's intellectual ability.

SIR ARTHUR KEITH.

(1) *Dantis Ossa*. La Forma Corporea di Dante: Studio di Fabio Frassetto. R. Università di Bologna, 1933.

(2) *Ricognizione delle ossa di Dante*. Memoria dei F. Frassetto, S. Muratori e G. Sergi. Roma, 1923.

(3) *Portraits of Dante*. By Richard Thayer Holbrook, illustrated after the original portraits. London, 1911.

more common as time goes on amongst highly civilised peoples — namely, a small palate linked to a large brain. In summing up his conclusions concerning the likenesses of Dante, Holbrook wrote thus of the Naples bust: "As Giotto's painting was once the most artistic and probably the most faithful portrait of Dante in his early manhood, when his conflict with wickedness and misfortunes had hardly begun, so this bronze bust is, I think, the most artistic and characteristic portrait of him in his maturity." Professor Frassetto, while agreeing with the English authority concerning the artistic merits of the Naples bust, maintains that, in an anatomical sense, its unknown sculptor has done Dante a grave injustice. The basis of this charge is made evident in Fig. 5, where a profile of the actual skull has been superimposed on that of the bust. Dante's forehead was full and wide, whereas the sculptor of the Naples bust has made it receding and narrow. On the other hand, skull and bust maintain a fair degree of correspondence as regards the conformation



6. IN PROFESSOR FRASSETTO'S OPINION THE MOST FAITHFUL REPRESENTATION OF DANTE: A BUST BY VINCENZO VELA (1820-1891), IN THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, TURIN—DONE BEFORE THE SKULL WAS FOUND.



7. A GOOD CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE BUST BY VELA AND THE OUTLINE OF DANTE'S SKULL: THE OPINION THAT THIS IS THE POET'S MOST LIFE-LIKE PORTRAIT CONFIRMED.

A BROKEN COLUMN.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"SCOTS GUARD": By WILFRID EWART.*

(PUBLISHED BY RICH AND COWAN.)

THIS posthumous volume, assembled from the writings of a young man who, at the time of his unlucky death, was obtaining some foothold as a writer, is a curious compost. In judging it, we must make allowances for the fact that it is inevitably deprived of the selection and discrimination which only an author himself can apply to his work. The fact is of particular importance in this case, for it is evident that Mr. Ewart was carefully training himself in the technique of writing, and in the latter portions of this book he shows a far greater command of his craft than in the sections which deal with the Great War.

Mr. Ewart, though born of a soldierly family, had no natural inclination for the military career, being far more interested in the study of nature, and particularly of birds. Like many another young man sensitive in mind and somewhat delicate in constitution, he accepted, in 1914, the duty which seemed so alien to all he had ever contemplated, and discharged it ably and courageously. Having passed through the war as an officer of the Scots Guards, he devoted himself to literary pursuits, and produced two books of some promise and success. In 1922 he went to the United States, and made some interesting excursions, chiefly on horseback, in New Mexico; his companion was Stephen Graham, who had been his orderly in the later days of the war. Just before Christmas 1923 he was in Mexico City. Some revellers were marking the festive season, in the Mexican manner, by discharging firearms indiscriminately in the street. Mr. Ewart leaned out (it is conjectured) from the balcony of his hotel to see what was happening; and this soldier who had survived the worst "frightfulness" of Neuve Chapelle and Cambrai was killed, at the age of thirty-one, by the random bullet of a Mexican roysterer. Such are Fate's little ironies.

Half the present volume consists of a war diary, to which we will return. The later portions consist of papers, chiefly descriptive, of a much more studied kind. They show throughout a deep love and a keen observation of nature. We accompany the author from East Anglia to Hardy's Wessex, which is explored with intimacy and affection, for Mr. Ewart was an enthusiastic Hardyite, with a natural sympathy, born of the war, for the fatalistic view of life. A journey to New York is described with a somewhat forced but sufficiently engaging liveliness, and the chapters on travel in New Mexico are bright and animated. In objective and pictorial description Mr. Ewart is at his best, whether he is depicting, with all a naturalist's intuition, a wood in Dorset, or the primeval landscape of New Mexico, or a ritual Indian dance. In conveying impressions of the picturesque he shows considerable and steadily developing skill—here, for example, is a picture of a strange, incongruous Mexican scene: "High Mass is being held, and upon entering I am confronted by a church crowded by Indians, each of whom contributes his splash of colour—even to a group standing at the back—by a sprinkling of Mexicans in European dress, by the squalls (sic) of babies and uneasy noises of children, of whom there are a number present, and by the harangue in Spanish of a priest in white vestments. Standing on the topmost step of the chancel and speaking with much gesture, his background is of candles and incense, while on either side the altar sit two priests also in white. A bleak daylight enters through the open door and pales somewhat the evanescent splendour around the altar.

Singing follows the discourse, and it is only more raucous because more high-pitched than that of a typical English church."

When he leaves the purely objective (which is always the easiest subject for the pen), Mr. Ewart shows grave limitations. As is not uncommon with a certain type of nature-lover, he evinces little understanding of human nature, and, indeed, only a flickering interest in it. Writing of the marshmen and mussel-catchers of Norfolk, he observes: "And should you, accosting such an one, seek to elucidate his past and future, himself, his comings or his goings, you will discover that in this as in all similar lives, the only positive event—actual or ever likely to be—is the war. The very same might truly be said of millions of humble folk in every corner of the world." What a misunderstanding of human nature! What a misreading of "the short and simple annals of the poor," so full of comedies and tragedies and of "positive events" far more

recollected in tranquillity." Had Mr. Ewart survived, he would doubtless have given this raw material very different form; we feel certain, at least, that his own wiser censorship would have omitted certain passages which his editor has thought suitable for print.

Mr. Ewart was present and wounded at the Battle of Neuve Chapelle, of which he gives a vivid but depressing account; and at the Battle of Cambrai in December 1917 he was in the thick of a forlorn hope, surviving only by a miracle. By the kind of chance which befell all combatants, he had somewhat less experience of other major engagements of the war than a good many infantry officers; thus convalescence kept him out of Loos, and he was only on the fringes of the main Somme fighting, and of that heartbreaking affair, the Third Battle of Ypres. For similar reasons his entries are very fragmentary for the exciting year 1918, during most of which time various causes—illness, leave, and staff employment—kept him

out of immediate touch with the dramatic fluctuations of battle on the Western Front, though he was at close quarters with the first stages of the Allies' final victorious advance. A great part of the narrative is thus reduced to the routine of trench life, especially in the Salient; and it has one merit—namely, that it is not conceived in the neurotic strain which has characterised so many "war books," whether of fiction or of commentary. The hysterical school of writing has given to many who are unacquainted with the realities the impression that a soldier's lot during the Great War was one perpetual agony of shrieking shells, hurtling limbs, and every other imaginable horror. This was not the fact in the average case, and, indeed, could not be so, for flesh and blood have their limits, even in modern warfare. The ordinary soldier's life, as Mr. Ewart observes, has been well defined as: "Months of infinite boredom interspersed by moments of indescribable fear." The two elements are adequately represented in this diary, without undue exaggeration of either. The boredom, weariness, and distaste, which were the common lot, cannot help entering in, though never in a merely querulous spirit; as for the fear, it is not dwelt upon with that morbid fascination which is too common in war literature, and we can discern between the lines that Mr. Ewart, like many another young man of his type, conquered the

soldier's worst enemy by force of will and character. To this extent the diary is a representative record; but it is the penalty of veracious war-narratives that "infinite boredom" does not make very lively reading, while "indescribable fear" is not very susceptible of literary treatment! Again the saving grace of humour is necessary, and here it is absent. Reflecting, at a later date, upon his experiences, Mr. Ewart thus expressed his general impression: "War . . . resolved itself into the moral struggle of ordinary mortals against extraordinary forces—of men who grumbled, who were frightened, who got tired and felt ill, who hated lice and wet feet, who hated cold, mud, tinned food, and discomfort generally, yet were pitted for four-and-a-half years against an Unknown comprising inscrutable powers of Irony and Fate, a perpetual threat, physical degradation and mental torture, and were enmeshed in a web of Destiny from which some lucky star alone could extricate them." All felt a large measure of this fatalism; but if the struggle was indeed "moral," if it was a challenge to character and fortitude, was there not something in it more humanly admirable than merely waiting on the caprices of a "lucky star"?

C. K. A.



A MOST INTERESTING HOGARTH—PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM ART GALLERY: "THE DISTRESSED POET." With the exception of "A Woman Swearing a Child to a Grave Citizen," which is in Dublin, "The Distressed Poet" is the only "subject" picture by Hogarth to be found in an Art Gallery in the British Isles outside London. Formerly in the Duke of Grosvenor's collection, it was given to the Birmingham Art Gallery recently by Sir Charles Hyde, Bt. Originally it was presented by Hogarth himself to Mrs. Draper, Queen Caroline's midwife, and, at her death, it was sold to a solicitor, Mr. Ward, from whom the first Earl of Grosvenor purchased it. As to the identity of the poet, the most likely theory is that the picture was inspired by the plight of Lewis Theobald, who was somewhat unkindly characterised in the "Dunciad." The poet is writing verses headed "On Riches"; a milkmaid is interrupting him, and threateningly holding out a tally board of his account scored from top to bottom with chalk marks, obviously demanding her money. Meanwhile her dog seizes the opportunity to remove the miserable bit of mutton lying on a plate by the door, the only food in the house—the empty cupboard up above containing nothing but a disappointed mouse!

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significant to the individual than the irrelevant, if startling, parenthesis of war! We fear that Mr. Ewart had not learned his lesson very thoroughly from his model, Thomas Hardy. The same limitation of outlook causes most of our author's general reflections on life, destiny, and character to be either platitudinous or rhetorical. Perhaps these deficiencies spring from one fundamental lack, very noticeable in these pages: from the first of them to the last there is scarcely a glint of humour.

Despite all the vicissitudes of the "war book" and its fluctuations in popular favour, there are still thousands of readers who approach with lively interest other men's first-hand impressions of an extraordinary period—now receding, but still unforgettable—in their lives. We feel that these readers will experience some disappointment in Mr. Ewart's war-diary, which is, we think, the least interesting and illuminating document of its kind which we have read, in a mass of war literature. In fairness, it must be remembered that very few diaries, jotted down in active service conditions, without the opportunity of care and thought in expression, can adequately convey the writer's true impressions; as a rule, they take significant shape only when they are elaborated as "emotion

* "Scots Guard." By Wilfrid Ewart. (Rich and Cowan; 9s.)

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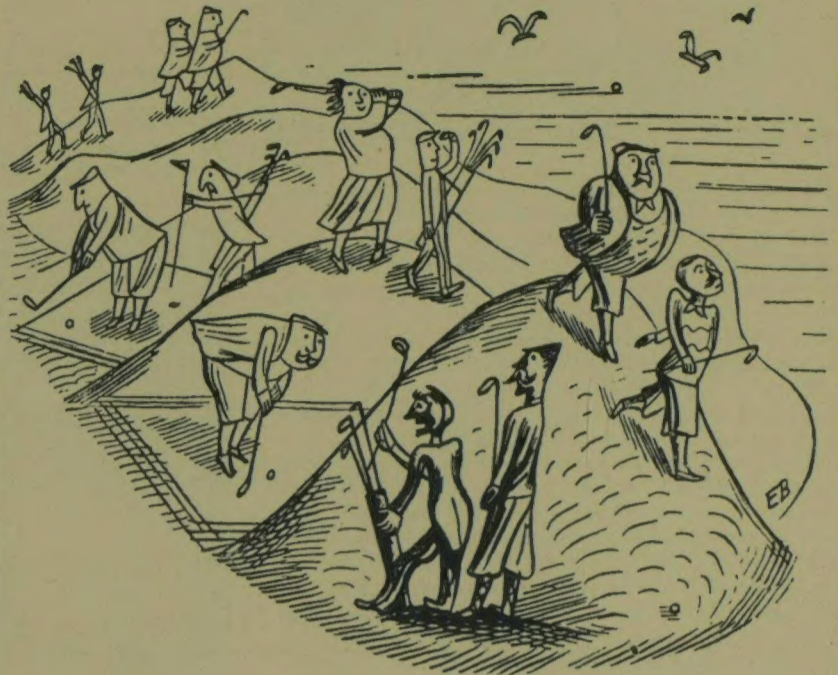
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IN an article last week on the great Adam house in Portman Square which is now the Courtauld Institute (not the least of the manifold activities of the University of London), I made a casual reference to the house Sir John Soane built for himself in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The gulf between the two is wide, but not so wide as would appear at first sight. In the former one sees the fine taste of a contemporary who has brought back a masterpiece to its original state, and covered its elegant walls with wonderful examples of French nineteenth-century masters: the latter exhibits the scholarship, the passion for classical antiquity, and the omnivorous, all-embracing love of fine things as understood by a great architect who died in the year Queen Victoria came to the Throne. Both achieved their purpose: Mr. Courtauld by his munificent gift to the University during his lifetime; Sir John Soane by a special Act of Parliament (1833), which came into operation at his death.



AN INTERESTING TREASURE OF THE SOANE MUSEUM: A GOLD KEY OF HAMPTON COURT PALACE, BEARING THE CYPHER OF WILLIAM AND MARY—A DUPLICATE OF ONE IN THE POSSESSION OF H.M. THE QUEEN.

The Bank of England is Soane's great public monument, for the new reconstruction preserves the essential parts of his design; in his house, which was also a museum when he was in occupation, we can see the man himself, for he was responsible for both the structure and its contents: they are to-day almost exactly as he left them—I have just come from drinking tea poured from his teapot into his own cups. The house gives one an extraordinary impression of close intimacy; it also gives the modern mind something of a shock, for we know—or think we know—the value of empty spaces and of colour. Not so Sir John, who covered every inch of wall with pictures, or fragments of sculpture, or casts from the antique, and exercised incredible ingenuity in cramming every corner with something of interest, at the same time

arranging architectural vistas which are astonishing when one realises how small is the area at his disposal.

In the room which contains the famous Hogarths—"The Rake's Progress" (8) and "The Election" (4)—is an admirable example of his method. By means of what he calls "movable planes"—i.e., shutters—"the small space of thirteen feet eight inches in length, twelve feet four inches in breadth, and nineteen feet six inches in height, which are the actual inner dimensions of this room, is rendered capable of containing as many pictures as a gallery of the same height, twenty feet broad, and forty-five feet long. Another advantage of this arrangement is that the pictures may be seen under different angles of vision." One walks on, wishing one could clear out half the exhibits and dispose the remainder to better advantage—the Hogarths properly spaced, a magnificent Canaletto—one of the finest in England—isolated on a single wall, the great sarcophagus of Seti I. in a room by itself—and then one remembers that such scientific and enlightened treatment would destroy the atmosphere of the building and ruin the intentions of the cultivated and public-spirited donor—for this is his house as he lived in it. I know of no other collection which is at once so eminently sane, so odd, so romantic. It is notorious that your eighteenth-century connoisseur had a passion for ruins, and went so far as to build

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A COLLECTOR OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

By FRANK DAVIS.

ruined Greek temples in his grounds. Sir John had the same idea in planning his modest town house—thus: "Before leaving the Monk's Cell, the vertical view westwards through the side passage of the Museum should be noted for its remarkable effects of light and shade, and for a suggestion in miniature of



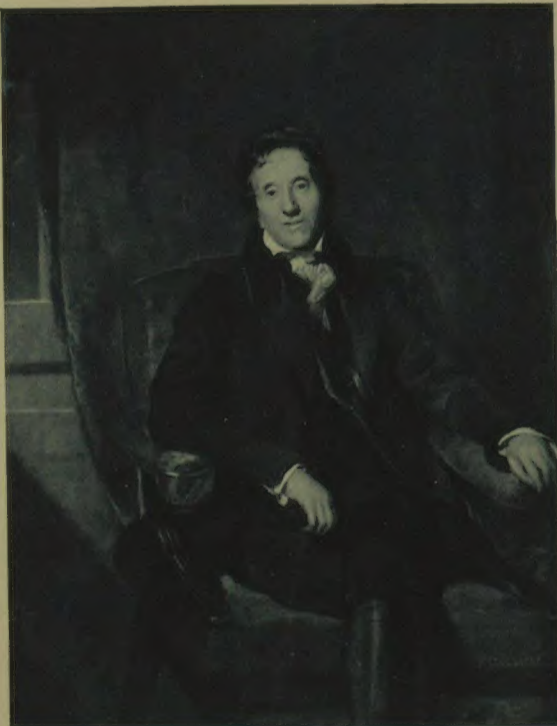
A SILVER CALENDAR WATCH BEARING QUEEN ANNE'S MONOGRAM (SEEN IN FRONT) AND THOUGHT TO HAVE BEEN PRESENTED BY HER TO SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN: ONE OF THE MANY TREASURES OF THE SOANE MUSEUM IN LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

The watch is a fine piece of workmanship, by Langley Bradley (born 1670), the maker of that clock of St. Paul's Cathedral which did good service from 1708 to 1892.

Reproductions by Courtesy of the Trustees of Sir John Soane's Museum.

the mingled grandeur and picturesqueness associated in the traveller's mind with the ruins of Imperial Rome."

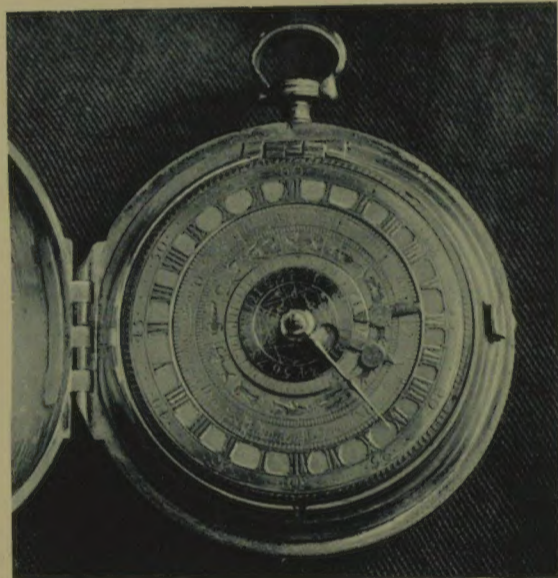
We have long since forgotten to write in this strain, and even more remote from our ways of thought is Soane's method of arranging his mediæval carvings. Sir Walter Scott would have found it much to his taste. The Monk's Cell and Oratory contain various odds and ends, including a really fine Flemish fifteenth-century wood-carving, while in the "Parloir of Padre Giovanni" next to it (pure Scott this) are numerous mediæval English carvings, two elaborate Dutch chairs of the late seventeenth century, and a pillar



SIR JOHN SOANE, R.A.: THE LAWRENCE PORTRAIT WHICH HANGS OVER THE CHIMNEYPiece IN THE DINING-ROOM OF THE HOUSE IN LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

This portrait was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. (1769–1830). The appointment for the first sitting was dated February 16, 1828. The picture was exhibited at the R.A. in 1829. Apparently, Lawrence received 400 guineas as his fee.

barometer in the style of Daniel Quare, but made of mahogany and not the usual ivory. "The other works of intellectual and highly-gifted talent, combined with the statues in terra-cotta and the numerous models and works of Art, taken chiefly from ecclesiastical monuments, which decorate the ceiling and walls of this room impress the spectator with reverence for the Monk." I wish I could quote more—Sir John is so charming, so naïve, so incoherent, and sometimes so dunder-headed, especially when he attempts a particularly daring flight of fancy; but, however much we may smile at his eloquence, no one will find fault with his conclusion. "I have yet the high gratification to know, that the best efforts in my power have been exerted, on every occasion, to promote the interest and advantage of British Artists, by giving commissions to some of the living, and by collecting together as many of the works of our highly-talented deceased countrymen, as I had the means to purchase, or suitable places wherein to deposit, and exhibit them to advantage." It is curious to note that Soane had, in addition to the Hogarths and the Canaletto I have mentioned, his own portrait by Lawrence, an excellent Owen, one Reynolds, one Turner—nothing by Constable, nothing by Gainsborough—and numerous paintings by people like Henry Howard, R.A., whose works are as dull as it is possible to



THE FACE OF SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN'S CALENDAR WATCH; SHOWING THE HOROSCOPE IN THE MIDDLE, WHICH IS A REMARKABLE, IF NOT UNIQUE, FEATURE IN A WATCH.

imagine—so hard is it for a man of taste to judge the ability of his contemporaries: and, frankly, I suspect him of choosing the Canaletto because of its architectural exactitude, and not because of its quality as a painting.

I illustrate Soane's own portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., painted in 1829; a gold key of Hampton Court Palace with the cypher of William and Mary (her Majesty the Queen has a duplicate); and a watch presented to Sir Christopher Wren by Queen Anne. This watch, by Langley Bradley, is a singularly fine specimen and of rather more interest than is apparent at a casual glance—for, like the beautiful Tompion clock I illustrated last winter, and the table-clock by Jacob the Czech belonging to the Society of Antiquaries, it has a horoscope in the centre of the face—as far as my information goes, a unique feature in any watch. Perhaps some readers of this page will be able to send me details of another English example. This is a good instance of the sort of excitement that is to be found in this collection—still more exciting to one visitor, at least, is a small portrait of Napoleon painted at Verona during the final Italian campaign by a Venetian artist named Goma—a pretty thing in any case, but of exceptional historical interest, for it seems to be the earliest in existence. It appears to be well authenticated by a letter from the artist. I was informed that this picture could not be published, and hereby invite the trustees to cancel this obscurantist decree forthwith.

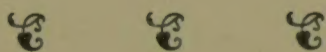
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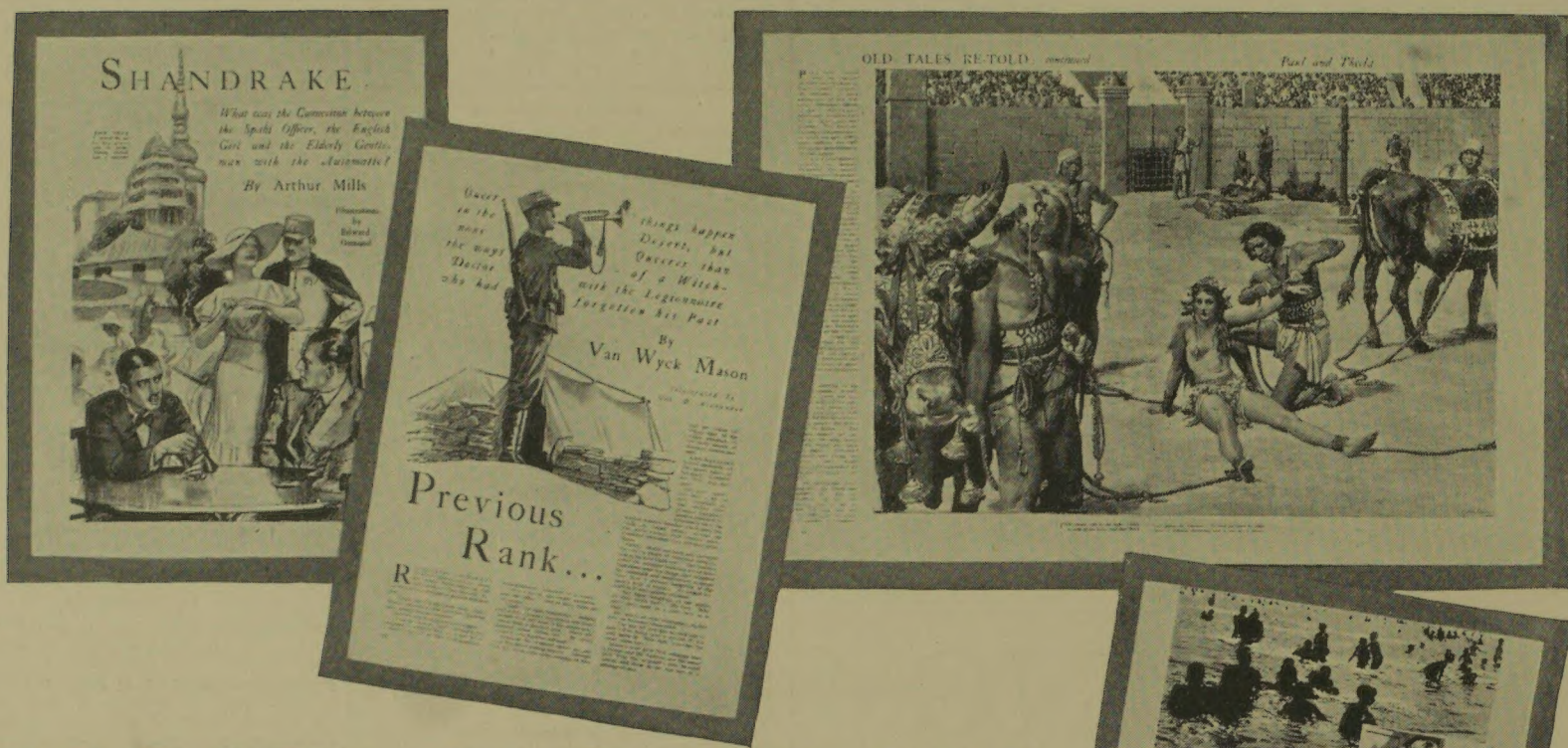


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